THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A LEGEND OF GARONNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAGGIE C. PYBURN.

One summer eve, as a bank of clouds
Came up in the west when the day was done;
A lady came down to the bank of Garonne,
Came down to Robin the ferryman's son;
And besought him to take her across the stream,—
The distance was short, but a mile or more,—
He turned from her pretty pleading face,
And scanned the dark waves o'er and o'er.

Though I row the boat never so carefully,—see!
The night is falling, the wind is high;
We may be drowned, ere we reach the lights,
On the far shore yonder,—you and I:
And yet I see by your earnest face,
So white with purpose, that you must go:—
Well! my arm is a strong one, Magdaline;
And my heart is brave, as well you know.

But much I marvel that you should come,
To-night, of all nights,—and to me, alone,
In a rising storm to take you across
The angry waters of dark Garonne;
When if rumor is right the summer sun
Will shine to-morrow on you a bride,—
An old man's darling, with pearls in your hair,
Your bosom swelling with youthful pride.

To me! whom you've slighted and spurned and stung,
With your haughty ways and your bitter scorn;
Whose heart you have wrung with so much of pain,
I could rue the day I was ever born!
Yet, Magdaline! not for myself care I,
Though these waves should cover me o'er and o'er;
So, if labor and skill can avail to-night,
You shall safely pass to the farthest shore.

Then lightly the lady stepped aboard,
And lightly the shallop sought the main;
The while the freshening wind blew drops
Of foam on her cheeks and hair like rain:
No thought of danger she seemed to know,
She looked at Robin, and him alone;
While her lips were wreathed with a trusting smile,
Her eyes with a radiant brightness shone.

What did he think of the lady's scorn,
And what did he think of the lady's pride,
When midway over the angry stream
He found her cowering at his side?
And was it a dream—the marvellous words
Were breathed on his bosom rather than spoken;
"Oh, Robin, my father is cold and proud,
He has tortured his child till her heart is broken."

"And if I've seemed cold, or have turned away,
It was that I could not, dare not meet
So much as a glance of your loving eyes,
So much as a clasp of your fingers, sweet!
I've tempted the tempest, I've tempted the storm,—
To the love of my girlhood I will be true,—
And rather than be an unwilling bride,
I would die to-night in these waves with you!"

For a moment forgetting the danger near,
From his hands the light oars slipped away,
While his arms were round her drooping form,
Her head on his throbbing bosom lay;
The next the waves like hungry things,
Leaping and murmuring covered them o'er;
The boat went down with a little moan,
The wind passed by,—they were seen no more!

Next morning the angry storm was gone,
The sky was as blue as a sky could be;
The light waves murmured along the beach,
And sung on their way as they sought the sea:
No traces were there of love or despair,
No shadow was over their brightness thrown;
All was serene as a summer dream,
And this is the Legend of Garonne!

Logansport, Ind.

SONNET.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Most men know love but as a part of life:
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest,—
In the brief pauses of that daily strife
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,—
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy),
And hold it up to sister, child or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one!
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble, and the street,
Worn now like dungeon floors by weary feet,
Seem like a golden court-way of the sun!

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

A CONSULTATION.

Have you never, in a dream, had a sensation of falling from some fearful height—of going down, down, into some dark and awful abyss—and, just at the moment when you were expecting to be crushed out of existence, suddenly found yourself awaking, with a start and a thrill of joyful relief, in your own comfortable bed? Sensations not unlike these were mine, as I stood one moment in peril of my life and the next felt I was saved.

I glanced at Captain Sebastian. His brow was still dark, and there was still deadly malice in his eye. He looked like a wicked man baffled in a dark design, but who still had hope of revenge.

"Ernest La Grange is with these gentlemen who are now approaching and will soon be here!" he said, fixing his eye sternly upon mine.

"Thank God for that!" I ejaculated; "for I shall soon have the satisfaction of proving to you all how much I have been wronged by your suspicions."

"You still persist then in your innocence?" he rejoined, in a modified tone, and with a partial clearing up of his countenance, as if he were beginning to believe my statement might be true after all.

"My dear Mr. Walbridge," exclaimed the kind-hearted Mr. La Grange, as he stepped forward and grasped my hands, "I am more grieved at this than I can find words to express! I hope you will forgive us, and allow us some chance to atone for it!"

"To you, my noble friend," I replied, with tears in my eyes, "I have nothing to forgive, but rather do I owe my life to you!"

"That we should have been on the point of putting to death for a villain the dear friend of my son!" he pursued: "I shudder to think of it!"

"Nay, blame not yourself, Mr. La Grange—nor you, gentlemen," said I; "for I admit that appearances were much against me; and had I been circumstanced as you were, I believe I might have thought and acted as you did."

Several of the party now stepped forward, shook my hand warmly, said they were sorry for what had occurred, and hoped I would not think all Southern gentlemen wild beasts, as I had some right to do, considering the reception I had met with on my first appearance in that region.

But the most marked change was in Captain Sebastian. Suddenly his face cleared up, with a smile that was really fascinating, and his voice became soft and musical, as he stepped forward, and, with hearty frankness, said, as he proffered his hand:

"Sir, I owe you a very humble apology! You said, you remember, you would either have an apology or satisfaction, and it now affords me great satisfaction to tender the apology!"

"Which proves you a gentleman of whom I need no longer be in deadly fear!" I smiled in return.

"Wal, now, this ere's so'thing like, I mum to Guinea!" I heard Caleb say, in reply to something that had been addressed to him, as the men released him from his painful situation and assisted him to his feet. "I thought you was agoing to do it though, one time, I tell you; but you'd a missed it plaguily, and no mistake! You see we're gentlemen, as much as any of you be. The Doctor, here, he's college-educated, and his father's a rich merchant in the big city of Philadelphie; and I've got good common skule l'arning, have teached one winter, and my gran'thar, as I told you afore, fit in the Revolution."

The bugles sounded, the tramp of horses was heard, and presently the other party came dashing up. Among them I saw Miss Brandon, and my friend Ernest riding by her side; and just behind them was the stolid, matter-of-fact Dutchman, mounted on his own beast and leading mine.

The moment my friend caught sight of me, he sprung from his horse, bounded forward, flung his arms around me, and gave me a warm, earnest, French embrace. It was not feigned—it was real.

"Oh, I am so, so glad to see you, Leslie!" he exclaimed, with all the ardor of a warm-hearted, enthusiastic school-boy; "and we all owe you so much, for rescuing Al—Miss Brandon—from the hands of those villains! She has told me the whole story! And how do you do? and how have you been? Oh, it is such a pleasure to see you here, so near my home, to which you are now going! and I have so much to ask and tell you! Here, Colonel Brandon," he continued, without giving me time to speak, turning to a tall, dark-complexioned, noble-looking man, who had dismounted and was now approaching us, "let me make known to you my dear friend, Leslie Walbridge, the savior of your daughter, as you have heard her relate, and as noble a gentleman as we can boast in Louisiana, which is saying a great deal!"

"Sir," returned the Colonel, grasping my hand, looking me full in the eye, and speaking in that peculiar tone which always assures us of sincerity, "I am both proud and happy to know one to whom I owe so much! and I hope I shall sometime be blessed with the opportunity of convincing you of my gratitude!"

"And to think how near we have been to putting him and his companion here to death! mistaking them for a part of the gang that kidnapped Miss Brandon!" exclaimed Mr. La Grange.

"Do not mention it, I pray you!" said I; "it was only a mistake."

"What?" cried Ernest, lifting his hands with horror; "what do I hear? Good heavens! do you not know a gentleman from a ruffian when you see him?"

Several of the party hung their heads.

"I was determined to save him till you rejoined us at all events," said Mr. La Grange; "but had he not discovered, through hearing my name, that I was your father, Ernest, and had not the sound of your bugle at that moment reached us, I fear I might have had some trouble in keeping my zealous friend here, Captain Sebastian, from putting the rope around his neck!"

Ernest cast an indignant glance at the Captain, and Colonel Brandon at once took the matter up.

"How is this!" he demanded, turning to Sebastian.

"Yes, blame the affair on me!" replied the latter, compressing his lips, and evidently struggling to keep down a naturally fiery temper, that seldom brooked blame or opposition. "I found him, and the other man, and the boy in the tree, and I believed I had got hold of two outlaws."

"But surely you would not have punished them without trial?" said the Colonel.

"We did try them to my satisfaction," answered the Captain.

"And would you have presumed to execute them, in the absence of these gentlemen and myself, and we so near?" pursued the Colonel.

"Perhaps I should," said Captain Sebastian, "for my anger was in the ascendant and I feared your mercy."

"I trust I am merciful," returned Colonel Brandon, slowly and deliberately, as if weighing his words; "but if you had carried matters to such an extreme, you might have had cause perhaps to fear my *justice* more! I am glad, however, that no harm has been done."

Captain Sebastian, as he turned away without a rejoinder, gave the other a look which I did not soon forget, and subsequently had good cause to remember. It was a wicked look, of malignant hate and scorn, but I do not believe any one else perceived it. There was a strange, fiery gleam in the black and piercing eye, and for a moment I fancied I saw a devil in the place of a man. In an instant it was gone, and not long after I saw the Colonel and Captain talking and laughing together as if they were the best of friends and boon companions.

"The Captain is hot-tempered and rash, but does not hold malice without just cause," was my mental comment, as I dismissed the subject from my thoughts.

The party which had come up with my friends, numbered fifteen, twelve of whom at least were high-toned, Southern gentlemen, mostly planters, whose estates were in one sense contiguous. They had been summoned together during the night, and at daylight had set off with the dogs in quest of the captors of the young lady. Some unavoidable delays, such as the hounds getting at fault, had kept them from meeting us sooner. To these I was presented individually, and the reception I met with was in the highest degree satisfactory. They were mostly gentlemen, of French and Spanish descent, crossed some of them with the Anglo-Saxon, and so positive in their characters as to be the warmest of friends or the most bitter of enemies. They were naturally aristocratic, reserved and exclusive; and a stranger in the country, without a proper introduction, might never get the *entrée* of their society. Once received with favor, however, and everything at their command was literally placed at his, and in their mansions he was then as much master as the owners themselves.

I have in my time had many a warm friend and received many a hearty welcome, but I do not think my presence ever afforded more real, heart-felt pleasure to any human being than it now did to Ernest La Grange. He was a warm, earnest, confiding, enthusiastic, generous nature, with the artless *naïveté* of a child and as little deceit as I ever found in man. Though a little too effeminate in appearance perhaps to please some, to me he was always handsome; for there was something so bright and noble in his face, it was so full of intelligence and *soul*, that I never seemed to weary of looking at it. He was just my age, two-and-twenty—but he was so very youthful that I appeared to be several years his senior. Though of French descent, he had a pure Saxon complexion—a light, fair skin, light curly hair, and deep blue eyes. There was a classic beauty in his clearly-defined and finely-cut features—in his high, noble brow, straight, chiseled nose, full, firm mouth, and well-rounded chin. With the exception of a light, silken moustache and imperial, his face was almost as smooth and beardless as a woman's. He was about medium in height, slender and compactly built, and with a natural grace of carriage and ease of manner that conveyed the idea of conscious, manly dignity, and the refinement of a polished gentleman. Though there was the unmistakable pride of birth, breeding and character in his every look and action, yet there was never anything haughty or supercilious, except when brought in contact with such qualities in another, and then he was almost unapproachable. To me he was always kind, sincere and confiding. From the very first we had been drawn to each other, our acquaintance had rapidly ripened into the most intimate friendship, and from that time forward there had never been so much as a shadow of distrust or ill-feeling between us; and this, as the world goes, was saying a great deal—more especially as we were both proud, quick, fiery-tempered men.

"Oh, my dear friend," he said to me, in a low tone of earnest simplicity, as he drew me aside, "you do not know how intensely glad I am to see you here, and especially as the deliverer of my dear Alice; for, between you and me, (and you know I have no secrets from you,) we are already engaged."

"I congratulate you, my friend," said I, warmly, grasping his hand; "for she is a brave, noble girl, and worthy to be the wife of the best man that ever lived."

"And we both owe you a debt of gratitude we can never repay!"

"Pshaw, Ernest! you know I did but my duty, and what any other humane man would have done under the circumstances, and so I pray you say no more about it. Why, I was not even aware I was serving my best friend, till, with the help of my fellow travellers, I had freed the lady, and they at least deserve as much praise as myself."

"Rest assured they shall not be overlooked nor unrewarded, for you all together have given me back life. Oh, Leslie, imagine what I suffered last night, after the news reached me that she had been carried off by a gang of ruffians, and I found pursuit could not be commenced until this morning. Heaven of mercy! I shudder at the bare thought of it now, and it seems as if I had just been awakened from a horrible dream."

"But for what purpose do you suppose she was kidnapped?"

"Heaven knows! revenge perhaps—revenge on her father, who is the Commander of the Regulators—themselves the sworn enemies of the banded villains who infest our Southern states and Texas."

"But if purely for revenge, Ernest," said I, "would they not have murdered her? As it was, I heard them say they had orders not to treat her more harshly than might be necessary to retain her a prisoner, and that they were to take her to a place called Lake Dismal. Do you know where that is?"

"No, I never heard of it before. Ah! the villains! what could they have designed? We must sweep the country of them! We have got a new trace of them now, and we must follow it up! Gracious Providence! only to think how near you, my friend, came to suffering in their stead!"

"Captain Sebastian would have it that the Yankee and I were of the gang, and so justly enraged were all your friends that we had a very narrow escape indeed."

"I trust he will display the same zeal in bringing the guilty to justice that he did in endeavoring to destroy the innocent!" said Ernest.

"Circumstances were against us, it is true," said I; "but still I think he was too precipitate in reaching his conclusions; and I certainly am not flattered by the fact of being mistaken for a common cut-throat."

"Hardly, I should say!"

"However," I continued, "as he atoned for his mistake by a proper apology, perhaps I should say no more about it."

While Ernest and I were conversing apart, most of the others were holding a consultation, or council of war. At length I was called upon for my statement as to what I had seen, and my advice as to the expediency of immediately pursuing the kidnappers into the swamp. I told them all I had seen, heard and discovered, from first to last, but declined to add an opinion concerning what they could best decide for themselves.

"If you wish to go, gentlemen," I said, "I am at your service as a guide, or in any other capacity."

"I think we had better push on at once then, Captain!" said Colonel Brandon, addressing Sebastian, and evidently alluding to a previous conversation.

"And I tell you you will spoil all by pursuing too soon!" replied the other. "Your daughter you have regained, and can therefore afford to wait; and by delaying the affair a few days, the rascals may think we have given up the idea of further pursuit and so be thrown off their guard. With the warning they have had, it is hardly probable we should catch them now, and the attempt might seriously injure our future operations."

There seemed to be a good deal of sound argument in what the Captain said, and quite a number sided with him at once.

"But if we cannot catch the villains, we can at least explore some of their haunts," rejoined the Colonel, "and will thus know better what to do the next time; and if we should happily frighten them out of the country, all the better still. I thank God my dear child is restored to me; and in my heart I do not seek revenge—only security. If they will leave us in peace, now and forever, in Heaven's name let them go! Remember, we are together now, a formidable party, and have the dogs with us, and it seems like losing an opportunity to turn back at this point."

"The dogs at least will be of no further use," still objected the Captain, "for the scent has been too much crossed; and besides, what will you do with your daughter? You would hardly wish to take her with you, I think."

"She can return home, accompanied by two or three of the gentlemen for protection."

"And suppose she should be assailed on the way by a prowling gang of ruffians and you should lose her again? From the statement just made by Mr. Walbridge, it appears that another party of the outlaws was expected to cross the bayou last night; and the fact that they did not cross, leaves us to infer they are still on this side; and for what we know, may even now be watching our movements, and may be strong enough to overpower the small guard you would send with her!"

"There may be something in that!" said the Colonel, reflectively.

"Too much in it, I fear."

"But it is so unusual to hear so many words of caution from you, Captain Sebastian, that I confess myself not a little surprised!" observed Mr. La Grange.

"It is true," answered the latter, "I am generally rash enough—too rash, in fact; but since I have so narrowly escaped doing a deed that would have left me a miserable wretch for life, I think it high time to mend my ways and exhibit a little common sense."

The matter was argued some time longer; but the counsel of the Captain at length prevailed, and the whole party turned homeward, without even paying a visit to the bayou, taking the negro Sam with them, for it was not thought judicious to set him at liberty.

"Now, my friend," said Ernest to me, "I am happy in knowing I am going to take you home with me and detain you a prisoner a long time."

"A happy prisoner for the time I remain, my dear fellow!" said I; "but the business affairs of life may require me to leave much sooner than inclination."

"Nay, I must hunt you up a wife and see you settled among us!" he gaily rejoined.

"Ah! that would be making me a prisoner indeed!—shall I say bound in silken fetters? or by the Hymenial noose?"

"No matter, so you find yourself a happy and willing captive!"

CHAPTER VIII.

MY SECRET DISCOVERED.

The homes of Ernest La Grange and Alice Brandon, with many others in that region, possessed all the peculiarities and best attractions of rich Southern plantations. The dwellings of the proprietors were really country mansions, combining taste, elegance and comfort. They were mostly two stories in height, painted white, with delightful verandas, shaded with vines and trees, and with green lawns stretching away in picturesque beauty. The negro quarters, standing back, but in plain view, generally formed each a considerable village of two rows of small, comfortable, white-washed cabins. The land was a level, rich alluvion, mostly devoted to immense fields of cotton, but often shaded around the dwellings with enchanting groves of the orange, fig, magnolia, catalpa, and many other beautiful trees; while all the flowers indigenous to that soft clime, delighted the senses with their bright colors and sweet perfumes. Every thing betokened comfort, extended to rural luxury; and although it was then the cotton-picking season, I was pleased to observe that even the slaves were lightly tasked and always treated with considerate humanity.

Had I been a prince, travelling among my subjects, the hospitalities extended to me could not have been warmer, scarcely more royal. I was the bosom friend of Ernest La Grange, the deliverer of Alice Brandon, the gentleman who had been nearly murdered in mistake, and everything that friendship, gratitude, and the desire of atonement could suggest, was done to honor and make me contented and happy. And what was more, nobody seemed able to do enough to satisfy himself, though far more than sufficient to satisfy me. Though the guest of Ernest La Grange, I was allowed no quiet peace in his delightful home. Invitations poured in constantly—something new was continually being arranged. It was a dinner with this one, that one and the other—a ball here, there and yonder—a picnic, a riding party, a hunt by daylight, a hunt by firelight, a horse-race, and so forth and so on. There seemed to be no end to the round of amusements or the desire for them. The people were all life and animation, and lived almost wholly in the world of excitement. They were fond of all kinds of games, and generally played for stakes—sometimes betting large sums—and

mostly winning or losing with the *nonchalance* of experienced gamesters.

While I was being thus highly feted and honored, it pleased me to observe that my fellow travellers were not forgotten. Caleb and Peter were the guests of Colonel Brandon; and though not dragged every where like myself, they received sufficient attentions to satisfy them.

"Hallo, Doctor, how'd'ye du? how d' ye come on?" was the salutation I received from Mr. Stebbins the first time we met alone after our separation. "I tell you this ere's the place, and these ere's the people, to make a feller feel to home!" he went on. "We had a putty narrer dodge on't when they fust got hold of us, but they've made it up sence, I mum! You know the hoss I lost?"

"Yes."

"Wal, the Colonel's gin me another, that 'ud jest knock spots all out of him—wo'th a hundred and fifty, if not tew hundred dollars, by ginger! Aint that duing on't, hey?"

"I am glad to see you have been so liberally rewarded."

"Yes, it takes these ere Southern chaps to do up the thing, and no mistake!"

"They are generally men of strong prejudices and passions," said I, "and either warm friends or bitter enemies. If we had been what they first supposed us to be, nothing could have saved us; and now it seems they cannot do enough to atone for their mistake."

"'Pears to me, though, they ought to knowed better'n to take us for gal catchers, hoss-thieves, nigger-stealers, and them kind of scamps—don't you think so?"

"I was not flattered by the mistake."

"I guess not. It looked to me as if it was the Captain's work, though—that are Mexican feller, you know—and I didn't like his looks, I tell you!"

"He was excited and angry, and, being one of those men who are too much controlled by a fiery temper, he did not stop to consider. He made ample apologies as soon as he found out his mistake, you remember, and has acted the gentleman in every way since."

"I haint seen him sence."

"I have, more than once.

"And you like him, hey?"

"I have seen others I liked quite as well."

"Y-e-s, I guess so. I wouldn't like him, I know. I'm dreadful queer about some things; and so's our hull Stebbins family—from my gran'ther, that fit in the Revolution, down. If I don't like a chap, I don't, and there's an end on't; and, what's more, there aint nothing can make me nother."

"I suppose you don't forget how near you came to being shot or hung by his orders?"

"Jerusalem! I guess not. Great ginger! wa'n't that a go? Ph-e-e-w!"

"Does your antipathy extend far down through posterity?" queried I, being in rather a quizzical mood.

"Does my what du what?" exclaimed Caleb, opening his mouth.

"In other words, would you let your direst animosity descend to and through the living and unborn progeny of your fancied adversary down to the last generation of unrecorded time?" explained I, with a serious air.

"Wal, see here—I say, you—I haint got the fust idee o' what you're driving at—I mum, I haint—that's a fact!" returned Caleb, with a look of helpless perplexity.

"Well, then, to bring the matter within your comprehension, let me ask you if you are disposed to carry your feelings of repugnance to his possible children and all their descendants? In short, Captain Sebastian has a child—a daughter—young, lovely and wealthy—and I want to know if your dislike of the father does or will extend to her also?"

"Wal, I guess not," replied Caleb, his small eyes twinkling: "I aint much apt to dislike good-looking gals."

"Especially when they are wealthy?"

"Jes' so! jes' so!" returned Caleb, his sharp features beginning to take on an expression of shrewd calculation. "How much now d'you s'pose she might be wo'th, Doctor?"

"Her father is reputed rich, and she an only child."

"A good many thousands, I calculate?"

"His negroes alone are worth that."

"Du tell! Hum! Yeas! How old d'you spect she is now?"

"Well, perhaps sixteen or seventeen."

"Most old enough to marry, I mum?"

"Quite old enough in this region. Girls here sometimes marry at thirteen and fourteen."

"Sho! you don't say so! D'you think she's got any feller now?"

"What do you mean by that? a beau? a lover?"

"Wal, I guess likely."

"I am sure I don't know. And if not, what then? Are you thinking of trying to dazzle her with your accomplishments?"

"Boost 't'wouldn't be of no use, would it?"

"You might try—'faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"The fact is," said Caleb, confidentially, "a feller might du wuss than git some rich gal round here for a wife—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think he might do a good deal worse."

"Tell you what, Doctor—a big cotton plantation, with plenty of niggers to du all the work, aint nothing to be sneezed at—hey?" pursued Caleb, swelling with importance at the bare idea.

"You could name many worse things."

"I guess so!" grinned Mr. Stebbins—one of those shrewd, cunning grins that express so much. "Sence I've got down here, and got a kind of foothold, as one may say, I kind o' calculate I'll try it on—hitch on tu one of these ere gals that's got a plantation hitched on to her like!" and the Yankee ended with a self-satisfied laugh.

"Well, there is the young and pretty Cora Brandon—the sister of Miss Alice—I suppose you will begin, or have already begun, to test your lady-killing qualities with her!"

"Taint no use for *me* to try there!" said Caleb, positively.

"How do you know?"

"Cause she's got her eye on you."

"On me?" exclaimed I, with affected surprise, though I felt the hot blood flush my face, under the keen, half-quizzical glance of the Yankee. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, git out, Doctor—don't you know?"

"I know she is a very interesting and lovely girl."

"I guess so; and she knows you're a putty interesting and handsome feller, or else my name aint Caleb Stebbins!"

"Why do you think so?" queried I, assuming, as much as I could, a tone and air of indifference.

"Oh, go along now!—d'you think I can't see nothing?"

"But she is only a girl of sixteen."

"Oh, she's tew young, is she? T'other one was old enough for me, but this ere one's tew young for you! Y-e-e-s—jes' so! Oh, git out!"

I changed the conversation. Perhaps there was nothing else in the world the Yankee could have told me at that time that would have afforded me so much internal satisfaction; and yet I changed the subject to one in which I had little or no interest; for thus do we often seek to conceal what is nearest and dearest to our hearts—feeling that what we so prize is too sacred to be lightly touched on by those whose natures are not in harmony with ours.

I believe in love at first sight. Not that I mean to say that all persons who fall in love, do so at first sight, but only that some do. I am one of the latter class. I could no more fall in love after the first hour, than I can tell why I ever did in the first minute. I only know that such is the fact. I may learn to respect, esteem, and even feel a warm affection for a person through the discovery of certain high and noble qualities; but that love which is beyond all else in sacrifice and power—which knows no self and is above life and death—is not with me a passion of growth, but immediate and involuntary.

I had met Cora Brandon on several occasions; but from the first moment my eyes rested on hers, I felt a strange sensation—something different from anything I had before experienced. I felt drawn to her in a manner I could not account for; it seemed as if she in some way belonged to me—that our destinies were connected by an unknown power. And yet with this attraction there was a strange embarrassment and confusion. I could not act as I would: I could not even speak in a natural manner. I, who had been much in society, and had always been at my ease in the presence of the most beautiful of her sex, was now constrained, bashful and awkward. I bowed like a country clown; the hot blood rushed to my temples; I knew I was blushing scarlet; I lost command of language—hesitated, stammered, and ended at length with the conviction that I was acting like a fool and she knew it. As for Cora herself, whether my manner affected her, or whether she was influenced by feelings similar to mine, I could not say; but she too seemed confused and embarrassed to such a degree, that, had we then been left alone together, I incline to believe we might have separated without exchanging a dozen words. We had met subsequently on several occasions; but up to the time when the conversation occurred between the Yankee and myself, as above recorded, we had said little to each other beyond the ordinary greetings and common places of the day. I would have given anything to have been able to talk to her with the same ease and freedom that I did to her sister Alice; but, for the life of me, I could not. I had flattered myself, however, that my secret was safe—that my embarrassment, if noticed by others, had been attributed to indifference, dislike, or anything except the real cause; but the remarks of Stebbins had now undeceived me in this respect, and I wondered if it was owing to his shrewdness, or to the fact of its being patent to all observers. It was a great deal, though, to be assured, even from his lips, that she was not indifferent to me; and in my heart of hearts I treasured and prized his words far more than such a nature as his could have possibly conceived.

"With this idea, to give me hope, I shall not be contented till I know more," I said to myself.

And what was this fair being that had awakened in my breast such strange emotions?

In personal appearance Cora Brandon did not resemble her sister Alice in the least. In fact they were as unlike as any two sisters I ever saw. Alice was a queen-like brunette, and Cora a pretty, lovely blonde, with a fair skin, soft blue eyes, sunny curls, and one of the sweetest, rosiest little mouths that ever tempted an anchorite. She was naturally lively, loving and confiding—sufficiently intelligent to be companionable—with a heart full of gentleness and kindness. In look and manner she somewhat reminded me of my friend, Ernest; and I fancied, as in his case, I could never weary of gazing upon her bright, sunny face, with its radiant smile and dimpled cheeks. Her form was slight, symmetrical and full of grace. With all except myself, she seemed gay, happy and at ease—modest, without being bashful—but with me alone, even from the first, there appeared to be a painful constraint. Was I to feel complimented or otherwise by this? The shrewd Yankee seemed to think the former, and I only hoped he might be right.

It may be proper to remark here, that no further attempt had been made to punish the gang of villains that had carried off Miss Brandon. It was thought by many that too much time had elapsed to render the pursuit effectual, and that after all no great harm had been done; by which was meant, that the crime committed had not been sufficiently aggravated in its consequences to keep alive that vindictive feeling which could only be appeased by blood. The lady had not been badly treated, and was now safe at home; and this had gone far to calm down the fierce storm of rage which her seizure had raised. One thing struck me as a little curious: which was, that Captain Sebastian, who had been so eager to take my life at first, should subsequently have been one of the foremost in counseling delay in the pursuit of the ruffians; and that, as much by his advice as any other, the idea of hunting them down should have been abandoned for the time. His reasons were, that the villains, having escaped in the first instance, would either be on the watch and foil any attempts to capture them; or else, by having already scattered, or gone to some other locality, would render such an attempt useless. There was plausibility in this reasoning—the only wonder was that it should have been deliberately put forth by so fiery and hot-tempered a man.

But there were more curious and wonderful things to be developed, and I was destined to be a witness of some strange and fearful events.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ EDITORIAL PUFFING.—The system of puffing has grown to such an extent that it has become offensive to all sensible people. When the people find the editorial columns of a newspaper full of puffs they may safely calculate that the paper is weak in circulation and in pocket. If business men desire to make known to the public that they have goods for sale let them advertise them in a proper way. But this editorial puffing is an imposition upon the public.—*Boston Herald.*

☞ An authoress compares a man to a silk umbrella, in these quaint terms: A good man is like a strong silken umbrella—trustworthy and a shelter when the storms of life pour down upon us—a mere walking-stick when the sun shines—a friend in misfortune.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;
A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in THE POST of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of THE POST—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

RIVALLING THE SUNLIGHT.

In mentioning the points of striking interest presented by the past year we were far from exhausting the subject. We propose now to atone for one of our omissions by more fully describing an instrument of prominent scientific importance, given to the world in the early part of the year 1866. We refer to the "Magneto-Electric Machine" invented by a Mr. Wilde, of Manchester, England, which is said to display illuminating powers greatly surpassing anything before attained, rivalling the brilliancy of the Solar light.

To make such a description in any respect clear it will be necessary to explain the principles involved as fully as can be done in a brief statement. When the ends, or poles, of two wires connected with a Galvanic battery are joined so that the Galvanic current may circulate through them, and then slightly separated, the Electricity will leap across the intervening space, through the air, manifesting Light and Heat in its progress. Every Electric current of sufficient strength can be made to display this effect. But there are other modes of producing such a current besides the action of the battery. Thus if the armature, or cross-piece uniting the poles of a magnet, be made to revolve, an electric current appears in it. This current, though constantly changing its direction, is by a simple arrangement caused to move continuously in one direction along a wire connecting the two ends of the armature. Such is the principle employed in the ordinary Magneto-Electric Machines.

The other principle involved in this case lies in the character of the magnet itself. In the magnetic oxide of Iron, or Loadstone, and in magnetised steel bars, we have what is known as the permanent magnet. But by passing an electric current around a bar of soft Iron much stronger Magnetic power may be developed, which, however, only continues during the continuance of the current. This current is transmitted through a coil of wire wound spirally around the bar, and may be obtained from the Magneto-Electric machine above described.—Thus by revolving the armature of a permanent magnet, and passing the developed current through such a coil of wire, an Electro-Magnet may be formed, which is peculiar in displaying magnetic powers many times greater than that of the original magnet.

So far Science had gone when Mr. Wilde took hold of the subject. He conceived the idea that there is no limit to the extension of this principle, that by revolving the armature of this second magnet and sending the much more intense current thus produced through a second coil, a third magnet might be formed of yet much greater force, and thus a succession of magnets constantly increasing in power be produced, until the force of the current became too great for the resisting powers of the materials, perhaps dissipating the whole apparatus into vapor.

He did this, and succeeded in producing a third magnet of excessive power, and by revolving the armature of this third magnet obtained an electric current of unexampled intensity. It must not be imagined, however, that this force, so greatly surpassing that of the original magnet, was created by the machine. Force in some form must be consumed before force in any other form can appear. Here an exterior force is employed in producing the revolutions of the armatures, the machine converting the expansive force of steam into magnetism. To give to the third armature the necessary speed, (1,500 revolutions per minute) required the full force of a 7 horse engine.

By employing this last current to produce the electric effects astonishing results appeared, far surpassing anything before known. Iron wire, fifteen inches in length and a quarter of an inch thick, was readily melted, while the illuminating power displayed was splendid beyond precedent. At the distance of a quarter mile the rays of the Electric lamp had the brilliancy of sunlight, casting the shadows of the flame of the street lamps on the neighboring walls. Even without a reflector the light was estimated to be as intense as that given by 4,000 wax candles. Photographic paper at two feet distance was darkened in twenty seconds as much as similar paper by one minute's action of the noontide sun, the Electric light at this distance seeming by its effects to have between three and four times the power of the sunlight. The intense magnetism developed in this instrument is of especial interest to scientific men in the great aid it will lend to the experiments of Professor Faraday and others in their effort to prove the magnetic condition of all matter. It is calculated that if this principle could be extended, without dissipation of the apparatus by the excessive heat developed, till a 100 ton magnet was obtained, with its armature driven by a 1,000 horse power engine, its illuminating power would make London considerably brighter by night than is London by day.

THE FARM AND THE FIRESIDE.—We have received the first number of a new agricultural journal with the above title. It is a good-looking sheet, and contains much interesting and instructive matter of an agricultural character. Published and edited by S. S. Foss, 402 Prune street, Philadelphia. Price $2 a year.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The "Boating Song" is respectfully declined.

☞ A contemporary says:—

"A meeting of factory operatives was held in Lowell, Mass., on Friday evening, the Mayor of the city presiding, and resolutions were adopted in furtherance of the ten-hour labor system."

The ten-hour system has been established in New York, Pennsylvania, and others of the middle states for many years—and yet in New England, whose "reformers" talk so much about the "rights of labor," the old twelve hours' system has been persistently adhered to.

This is a very practical obstacle in the way of our manufacturers when competing with the New England ones. For in every week the latter, gaining two hours' more labor every day, gain a whole day's work—which of itself is a large profit—out of their hands, as compared with a New York or Pennsylvania manufacturer.

Of course we do not mean to take ground against the twelve-hour system, though we confess we think ten hours is sufficient, as a general thing, for a day's work, but only to point out the inconsistency of those who have such very keen eyes for the selfishness of others, and such remarkably dull eyes for their own.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE. With Letters and Speeches, Before, During, and Since the War. By HENRY CLEVELAND. Illustrated with four engravings. Published by the National Publishing Company, Philada. This volume has had the advantage of being submitted to Mr. Stephens previous to publication, and its statements therefore may be considered strictly correct. Among the noticeable contents of the volume is a private letter from Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Stephens, now first made public, dated Dec. 22d, 1860, in which Mr. Lincoln says:—"Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, *directly*, or *indirectly*, interfere with their slaves, or with them, about their slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still I hope not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect, than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case—You think Slavery is *right*, and ought to be extended; while we think it is *wrong*, and ought to be restricted. That I suppose is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us." At the head of this letter was written, "For your own eye only."

COUNTRY QUARTERS. A Love Story. By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE FRENCH MANUAL.' A New and Simple Method of Acquiring a Conversational Knowledge of the French Language. By M. ALFRED HAVET. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by D. Ashmead, Phila.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. The December number has been duly issued by "The Leonard Scott Publishing Company," New York.

☞ It will require the sum of $9,180,500 for the support of the city government of New York for 1867.

☞ France is so thoroughly discontented with the Emperor's scheme for enlarging his army that, in order to prevent the elections for members of the French Chambers going against the Government, the Council of State has had to declare against the plan. Whether Napoleon has abandoned it, however, is not stated.

☞ UMBRELLAS.—The New York Methodist has this significant paragraph in the course of its editorials:—"It is to be feared that church members, above reproach in the general tenor of their lives, will sometimes select from a pile of umbrellas one which they are not sure belongs to them, and will let it hang on their rack, or devote it to household use, with but little concern about the rights of the true owner. Others of equally good character will borrow one and wear it out, never mentioning their delinquency nor thinking of offering payment."

☞ One hundred and sixteen M. C.'s have their families with them at Washington this winter.

☞ At Archangel, in Russia, this season of the year, people get along with only four hours of daylight. Archangel is situated near the 65th parallel of northern latitude.

☞ TWINS.—A Hannibal paper tells of a gentleman of that city who has been presented with his third pair of twins in twelve years. His first wife gave birth to two pair, two girls and two boys, at intervals of four years. They were born on the same day of the week, the same day of the month, in the same month of the year, at the same hour of the day, and all weighed exactly the same number of pounds.

☞ The European Governments are still arming. France expects to have 450,000 needle guns ready for use by May next, and Russia has ordered 100 cast-steel cannon from the celebrated works of the Messrs. Krupp, at Essen. They are to be paid $14,000 for each. Bavaria, too, is arming, having ordered 90 rifled cannon from a Bohemian foundry.

☞ The largest piece of plate glass in the country has been placed in the window of one of the alcoves in the State House at Boston, Mass., containing the State battle flags. It measures twelve feet four inches by seven feet seven.

☞ The late Mr. R. Garrett, a rich agricultural implement maker in England, bequeathed in his last will to three hundred of his employees a great-coat each. The distribution has been made.

☞ THE EDUCATION OF THIEVES.—It is reported from Liverpool that a "Thieves' College" exists in that city, in which there are men and women teachers of the pickpockets' and shoplifters' art. The pocket-handkerchief, the purse, and the watch-chain department are presided over by different "professors," and burglary and garroting are taught by experts. The art of writing begging letters is also taught, and the establishment of the "college" shows that stealing and begging are sciences requiring deep study.

☞ Deceased Chinese, it is announced, will be the chief articles of export from California when the new steamship line between San Francisco and China is in operation. The Celestials cannot bear to be buried in a foreign country.

☞ A correspondent speaks of a youthful and fascinating American prima donna who despises small talk and who bestows all her affections on dogs, monkeys, rabbits and parrots, and is withal a misanthrope.

☞ We have heard of many a battle being lost, who ever heard of one being found?

LINES TO MAY S——.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

O! shed no tears of sorrow
For this frail one when dead,
But plant one single flower,
To blossom o'er her head,
And let that be the simple rose,
The flower she loves so well;
Its modesty and innocence,
Of which the poets tell.
O! plant no yew nor cypress tree,
To wave above her grave;
But let her rest in solitude,
Beneath the maple's shade.

Evening Parties.

Miscellaneous evening parties appear to us to be a great mistake in so far as the giving of pleasure to the guests is concerned. When a number of people of varying ages, different pursuits, and uncongenial tastes are thrown together, nothing but weariness and a general sensation of the vanity of such meetings can be looked for. People who will give such parties are responsible for a greater amount of discomfort than is generally imagined. Having brought their guests together, they ought to provide some amusement for them. But can the recreations frequently presented be truly classified under the head of amusements? We grant that when there are a large number of young people, and dancing is possible, there may be much enjoyment. But that circumstance changes the character of the party entirely, and provides no amusement for the elders of it.

When conversation cannot be sustained, when music is a dreariness, when dancing is impossible or looked upon as wicked, what remains to be done? For there are still evening parties, in which, by the nature of circumstances, all these varieties of amusement fall, and yet, in which something must be done to prevent immoderate yawning from becoming too evident. We have had experience of such as these ourselves, and it may be written among the things that are to be that we shall have experience of them again. We have tried hard to be entertained by the smallest of small talk, the feeblest of jangling on the piano, the mildest of uninteresting games. Why should games be considered proper simply because they are weak, and need no intellect whatever to indulge in them? We have heard of one clergyman who, by long training, had brought himself to such a pitch that he could play at *solitaire* for a whole evening. We are thankful to say he was not of our acquaintance. Photographs and crest albums and books of prints cannot amuse people for ever, and grown-up persons cannot be expected to exhibit much interest in games which are really suitable for children aged six. We sympathised heartily with the aspiration of a gentleman who was doing his best to be conversational at one of these mild parties, and who thus delivered himself: "I wish cards were not considered sinful, for this sort of thing is very slow, and there is always amusement to be got out of whist."

It seems to us that the teetotal principle of abstinence is carried to a ridiculous excess in evening parties of a certain class, and we consider that people have no right to invite others to meet unless they provide proper means of amusement for them. We cannot wonder that, in a large number of cases, the advent of "refreshments" constitutes the only real enjoyment to be extracted from the meeting.

The French fashion of being "at home" on a certain evening presents all the advantages of the evening party with none of its drawbacks. If one's friends care to come they come without so much ceremony; they stay as long as they choose, and they probably are amused because they come willingly.

If, however, this plan does not suit, we would recommend to the consideration of givers of evening parties the undoubted fact that their assemblies would be invested with new charms if they were to exercise a judicious amount of the principles of selection with regard to affinities between their guests, and of adaptation of amusements to capacities in the entertainments provided for them.

☞ The Prussian war cost $42,000,000, to pay which the conqueror has levied on his enemies $56,200,000, giving a clear gain of $14,200,000 earned by the "needle" in a few weeks, and this independent of the territory and other property acquired.

☞ We see it stated that a man has recently been killed in the northern part of Vermont by a panther. These monsters are making wild havoc with the sheep-folds of that state. There is one in Bennington, N. Y., which for the past six weeks has defied all efforts made to capture or destroy him. During that time he has killed over one hundred sheep, and five calves.

☞ A soldier, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he used was, "It is ex—." He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some French physicians found him, after having lain frozen for one hundred and fifty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with, "exceedingly cold." "Strange, if true."

☞ Ex-Gov. Andrew, in a recent address to the Massachusetts Historic Genealogical Society, said: "There is no error possible into which wise men have not at some time fallen; nor any wrong of which even good men have not at some time been guilty." This is true as forcible, and should teach us a lesson of charity.

☞ If the earth were a cannon-ball shot at the sun from its present distance, with the velocity it now travels with, and the moment of explosion telegraphed to the sun, they would get the telegram there in about five minutes, and would see the earth coming in eight minutes, and would have nearly two months to prepare for the blow, which they would receive about fifteen years before they heard the original explosion.

☞ The Duke Litta Arese was so much beloved at Milan, that when the public were informed of the extremity at which he lay, thirty-two of the most eminent physicians of that city volunteered their services. They were organized into a society, with a president and secretary; and, after debate, the vote was taken, *viva voce*, upon the treatment to be pursued. Shall he be cupped? bled? leeched? poulticed? Of course, the Duke died.

☞ "John," said a careful father, "don't give cousin William's horses too many oats—you know they have hay." "Yes, sir," said John, moving toward the barn. "And hark ye, John, don't give them too much hay, you know they have oats."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO

SINGULAR PHENOMENA—ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS—RIFLE PRACTICE—COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE—A STRANGE ENCOUNTER—OLD FRIENDS—NEW RECRUITS.

There were peculiar atmospheric phenomena that we had experienced and often commented upon in the upper regions of Chile and Bolivia, and found developed in some instances to intensity at Sorato, some of which, as I have never heard them discussed by others or seen mentioned by any writer, may perhaps be new and interesting to the reader.

The increased pulsation, prickly sensations of the fingers and toes, reddening of the skin, ringing in the ears and expansion of the eye balls, frequently to a painful degree, together with rapid respiration, and often the issue of blood from the nose, mouth and ears, are all incidents of an abrupt up-hill journey after having attained an altitude of eight or nine thousand feet, with which perhaps many are familiar—some by actual experience, but more from reading. All these, however, gradually subside as one goes higher up, and at an altitude of from fifteen to seventeen thousand feet generally disappear, all except the quickened circulation and consequent more rapid beating of the heart, which is in no wise painful or oppressive, but on the contrary a decidedly pleasant sensation. Kate declared one day, high up the steep side of the Heart of the Andes, panting the while like a startled lizard and her heart beating tattoo:—

"Delightful! Isn't it, now? Upon my word, I've never had my heart in such a heavenly flutter since the morning Barney went on his knees and said to me—"

"Ah—whist, now, my darling, and don't be making a fool of me here in company, because I happened to make an ass of myself once."

"Well, I won't, Barney dear." And so, whatever Capt. O'Harra had said to Kate upon the occasion of his going on his knees, remained a secret between them.

But the one phenomenon that always remained in the upper regions—that which cannot be out-climbed—is the singular influence of the rarified atmosphere upon the voices of both animals and humanity, as well as upon all sounds, no matter by what agency affected, and also upon firearms. We had repeatedly remarked before that in the more elevated regions our rifles and revolvers always carried wild, but we had never given the phenomenon much consideration until one morning, very high up on the eastern side of Sorato, having a bit of rifle practice on a pretty plateau of half a mile or so in extent, we found, very greatly to our astonishment, that no one of us, experts with the rifle as we all were, could touch a target fifteen inches in diameter, placed at the distance of a hundred yards, twice out of twenty shots. Our revolvers served us no better. Cator said if any one of us were to shoot at a man in a forty acre field he'd be in danger. Edith argued that as we could hit nothing else, there might be great danger of shooting ourselves; whereupon we discontinued practice and went into committee of the whole upon the state of the atmosphere.

Our rifles being of the heavy, old Lansingburg pattern, long barrelled and bored for fifty-six to the pound, always had a considerable "fetch," or recoil, when fired in the low countries with an ordinary charge; while at an altitude of three miles or so the recoil disappeared, the report was very greatly lessened, and the pieces invariably shot out of line. That day the reports of both rifles and revolvers were laughably ludicrous. That of a rifle was a low, liquid *chuck*, in sound most like that of sending a small pebble with great force perpendicularly down into a pool of water; while the revolver report was a *spat*, sounding like sending a pellet of dough against a solid surface.

So, consulting together and taking testimony, we discovered that the greatly rarified atmosphere, offering so little resistance, the velocity of the ball was so many times increased by an ordinary charge of powder, that it was driven at random out of line; while, for the same reason, there was no recoil to the piece, and so little air having been displaced, the sharp, loud clap usually made by the coming together again of the divided atmosphere was diminished to sounds such as I have endeavored to represent in letters.

By diminishing the charge of powder to considerably less than half a standard charge, the report subsided to a little *whisp*, as if we were shooting air guns, while the bullets sent at low velocity went straight to the "bull's eye" again without any wandering.

But the most laughable feature of the phenomenon was its singular effect upon voices. Edith Bond, who had a remarkably clear, round, silvery voice, was disgusted to find her best efforts very like the tiny *click clack* of a half-grown pullet. Cator, who could have hailed a main-royal yard in a gale of wind off the Horn without a trumpet, couldn't have called a cricket at three yards. Minnie's musical voice was reduced to a thin, flat stream of *hiss*, broken by stops between the words. Signora Florietta, our Italian prima donna, whose notes in *allegretto* were as round and ringing as the tones of a silver bell, essayed *Annibale Sull Alpi*, and found her bravest *bravura* reduced to the level of a penny whistle quartette. Not one of the whole party was exempt from the queer vocal visitation. Even the dogs had taken the epidemic, their best bark coming out in little foolish *phew—phew—ibbs*—at which they grew ashamed and shut up in total silence until we got down into the lower world, where they could again bark like dogs.

Dr. Bond remarked, in a voice that sounded most like grinding corn, cobs and all, that if he had a wife too handy with her tongue, he would settle on top of Sorato; and furthermore, he thought that all nations going to war with fire-arms would find it economical to fight their battles on top of mountains five miles high, saving sixty per cent. of saltpetre. We all burst into a hearty ha! ha! at the doctor's odd suggestions, and our laughing chorus was very like a concert of "pond peepers" of an April evening.

There is a limit to the range of vision, even from the summit of Sorato, and as there was considerable of South America yet that we were ambitious of becoming personally acquainted with, it would be a necessity that we should go nearer; and so we began just at sunrise to go down by the north side, it being an easier slope; besides, we had sent our horses, pack mules, peons, *cholos* and faithful Brazilero *muleteros* round to wait for us below the snow line.

We had clambered downward three-quarters of a mile by a direct course, but fully ten times that by the zig-zag winding one we were obliged to follow. Cator, Dr. Bond, and Cosmo were pioneers, half a mile in advance of the party, traversing a shelf of bare rock, with a yawning chasm on one hand and the rocks rising in a sheer perpendicular wall five hundred feet above us on the other. We were chatting and shuffling carelessly along, when we were suddenly brought to a dead halt, and were very nearly as much astonished as we could have been if Sorato had all at once toppled over and went down, carrying us with her.

Thirty yards, perhaps, in advance of us, a man stepped out into view from behind an angle of the rock wall, and without discovering us, levelled a long telescope in the direction of Cuzco. We stopped stock still, and while thus standing there, is an opportunity for a brief description of the stranger's appearance. Tall, and muscularly made, erect as a Blackfoot warchief, and clad in a heavy, full Spanish cloak of blue cloth, hanging negligently on the left shoulder—a close-fitting frock in bright green material, bound all round with narrow silver lace, and the breast ornamented with very neat, pretty devices in gold embroidery. Then there were wide-legged trowsers of the dressed skins of the white vicuna, finished with the fur-like hair on and that outward—boots, shapely and well made, and a headgear of oiled silk and fur of the red vampire bat, the fabric being a hat, cap, helmet, night-cap or "sou'-wester," at will, and just then was a somewhat fanciful turban.

The stranger's face was an extraordinarily handsome one, though he was upwards of fifty, and much of it was hidden by a profuse growth of beard, whiskers and mustache, all grizzled and frosted by time. Still there was the high, broad forehead, dark and finely-arched brows, dark genial hazel eyes, and classically-developed nose, to show that the man, notwithstanding his age, was still unusually handsome.

We guessed—a hidalgo from somewhere, perhaps from the clouds. So we went towards him, and within three yards I saluted him with:

"*Buenos dias Senor Caballiero—Como esta?*"

"Good-morning, gentlemen; how are you?" came the ready response in as clear, correct, round English as ever was spoken. We halted more suddenly than before, and actually fell back a step or two in utter amazement. The stranger laughed and came forward, holding out his hand towards the doctor, and thunder struck us again with:

"Doctor Bond, my dear old chum, God bless you! How are you?"

The doctor stared and stammered, and looked bewildered, till the stranger uttered a single word—"*Palisades*" and laughed; and then Dr. Bond rushed upon him and got all he could of him in his arms, and hugged with all his might, shouting the while in sort of spasms:

"God's glory—yes, sure enough, Frank Esling, my dear fellow!" and by the time he had got so far we were very well acquainted with the stranger. The doctor had told us so often about his early best friend, classmate and chum at college. Frank Esling, who had once saved his life when a sail boat they were in was run down off the Palisades, on the Hudson; and how, later, Frank had been heartlessly jilted by a proud, fickle fool and village belle, and had disappeared, no one knew whither; so many times we had heard it all, that we knew the missing Frank Esling almost as well as we did the doctor himself.

But of course Mr. Esling knew nothing of Cator and Cosmo, until the doctor introduced us, and by the time we had fairly shaken hands our party came up, and after an individual introduction all round, our new acquaintance said:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have close at hand here two young friends, whom I am anxious to present to you."

Just a few yards around the angle there was a comfortable niche in the wall, within which was blazing a cheerful little fire made of the dry *lichen* that might be gathered in armfuls anywhere on the rocks, and burned with a clear, steady, hot flame.

By the side of the fire stood a fine, handsome young fellow, darker in complexion than Frank Esling, but strongly resembling him in features, and clad precisely the same. Kneeling by the fire, and busy with bubbling coffee and broiling streaks of mutton *charqui*, was a dark Hebe, a feminine copy of the handsome young man, but younger by three years, and in features more exquisitely lovely than any human being we had ever seen. Mr. Esling called: "Arthur, my son, Arline, *darling*," and in an instant they were at his side. Having introduced his children to us, Mr. Esling said:

"Come, gather around our fire. The morning air is a trifle keen. And then you will breakfast with us; no excuses; see, there is enough. We knew you were coming, and had not breakfasted. Come, drop down, Arline, my dear——"

Edith, Kate and Minnie were all wide awake and busy as bees assisting Arline, and in five minutes we were engaged at a most sumptuous breakfast, all things being considered. While discussing our morning meal, Mr. Esling informed us that he had gone to Rome and studied as a painter, married a beautiful Neapolitan girl, went to Brazil, and made a fortune rapidly by his profession. Four years previously his wife had died, and wishing his children, who were both fine artists, to study from nature, they had become wandering Bohemians like ourselves, and had been sketching from the summit of Sorato several days before our arrival. They had discovered us the first day, and the elder Esling had recognized Dr. Bond; but there were several views yet to be taken, and Esling knew he should intercept us as we came down, and so they had kept themselves concealed.

When our lovely little Queen of Naples learned that Arthur and Arline were also half Neapolitan, and spoke her soft liquid Italian fluently, she was in ecstacies; and when Mr. Esling declared their intention of joining our party if we would permit it, and accompanying us to the end of our tramp, no matter where or when it might terminate, we went into a unanimous *Viva*, that was a much more respectable affair than our ha! ha! concert.

☞ At the Christmas dinner at the Five Points House of Industry, four gentlemen and four ladies were present, who were picked up as vagrant children in the street and educated at the institution. One is a lawyer, another a bank clerk, and a third is a prominent importing merchant. Two of the ladies are married wealthy, and all respectably. A leading soprano in one of the fashionable churches was left at the House when a child by a drunken woman, and never knew any other home.

☞ Mr. Punch's advice to an Oldish Bachelor—Repent at leisure, and then marry in haste.

New York City.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* writes as follows:

The state census returns, now in course of publication, show that the population of the Empire City is on the wane. Thus: population in 1855, 629,810; do. in 1860, 814,254; do. in 1865, 726,386. Decline in six years, *eighty eight thousand, eight hundred and sixty eight*. These figures are highly suggestive, especially if viewed in connection with the fact that nearly all the surrounding cities and villages exhibit an increase. The inference is, that high rents, dirty streets and bad government are driving everybody out of the city that has the means to live at a convenient distance out of it. The decrease will go on unless something is done to make New York, not as it is now, the dearest city to live in the whole world. But of that change for the better, unfortunately, there is no present prospect. No new houses are building, and rents this spring, the real estate agents say, will be higher than ever.

As to a reform in the city government, you may judge what chance there is of that by the disgraceful scene which occurred in the Board of Councilmen, this afternoon (the 10th.) As soon as the President had taken his seat, a member, Stacon by name, rose and denounced him in a loud voice as a perjurer, and protested against his being permitted to retain his place. This was followed by a motion to adjourn, in the midst of which cries of "perjurer," "thief," "scoundrel," etc., were repeated, and these accompanied by the flying of an inkstand at the President's head. The latter fortunately dodged the missile, and beat a retreat from the Chamber into the Mayor's office.

Here he was taken into custody on charge of drawing a revolver upon the indignant Councilmen, but the Mayor subsequently let him depart on his own recognizance.

The meaning of this shameful episode, in a few words, is just this:—Stacon was the candidate of the "Ring" for President of the Board, but owing to Brinkman's management, he was thrown overboard, and Brinkman himself chosen in his place. Both are Democrats, but the Republicans figured quite as conspicuously in the disorder as their political opponents. All of them, without distinction of a party, may be set down as a bad lot.

☞ The autograph trade in Paris has its regular price-current. The following are some of the latest quotations: George Sand, 6 francs; Seward, 10 francs; Jefferson Davis, 15 francs; Michelet, 1 franc; McClellan, 20 francs; Verdi, 2 francs, 50 cent; Renan, 10 francs; Louis XVI., 2 francs, 50 cent.

☞ LACONIC BUT SATISFACTORY.—The following model of testamentary conciseness is the will of the late Mr. Sergeant Storks, of London: "I leave to my son, Robert Reeve Storks, all my personal property absolutely, which is not specifically bequeathed. To Kearns, £50 a year. Sir Henry and Mary are provided for. Tom I omit, as he possesses a fortune.—Dated October 12, 1859." This brief document disposes of $600,000—say $15,000 per word.

☞ The winds blow so strong on the prairies of the West that they have to build a brick wall on each side of a fence to keep it from blowing down.

☞ A thoughtless young mother of fifteen years, residing in Los Angelos, Cal., placed her infant child, six months old, on the back of a colt, without bridle or halter, and tied the legs of the infant under the belly of the colt *a la* Mazeppa, so that it could not fall off; and letting go the colt, it took fright and ran off into the underbrush with the infant, tearing its flesh and breaking its bones, until life was extinct, and nothing remained of the poor child but a shapeless mass of flesh.

☞ A New Bedford lady who recently wrote to a Boston publisher for a copy of "Gellert; or, Trust in God," received the sad reply: "There is no 'Trust in God' to be found in Boston."

☞ SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.—The convention of Massachusetts Spiritualists, held in Boston last week, adopted an astounding declaration of principles:

First, the spiritual unity of nature. Second, the co-relation, equality and universality of law. Third, the spirituality of soul. Fourth, the moral equality of the sexes and the moral integrity of sexism. Fifth, the harmony of progress. Sixth, the eventual fraternization of nations.

☞ Ice, four inches thick, has just been gathered in Georgia. The "oldest inhabitant" hardly remembered anything like it.

☞ On Tuesday of last week, there were 65 cars snow-bound near Pittsfield, Mass., having on board 700 cattle, which had not been supplied with food or water for twenty-four hours.

☞ There are three hundred and seventy churches in Moscow, and all the bells rang at one time on the occasion of the royal marriage. The clanging was fearful!

☞ The railroads in this country employ 200,000 men, and at least 100,000 of men, women and children depend for their support upon the railroad interest.

☞ A woman of Utica, just deceased, was married three times, and each time her husband's name was Tompkins.

☞ The County Court at Alexandria, Va., has decided that a note given to compromise an old debt is not reached by the stay law, being a new debt.

☞ The crucial point in the prophetical interpretations of the Scriptures, is the year 1867 as the time of consummation, the supreme ascendency of Louis Napoleon, and the return of the Jews to Palestine under his auspices. For centuries the year 1866 had been assigned by the interpreters of prophecy as the period of the world's crisis; but as that year was rolling by without a general cataclysm of nations, an element of calculation was discovered which admitted of the intercalation of a year, and the test term is thus extended to 1867.

☞ CHOLERA—ITS CAUSE.—The deaths from cholera at Chester, England, are accounted for by the bad water supplied. It is described as being taken from the Dee, at a place where a stone causeway has been erected across the river to hold up the water for the mills. Into the basin thus formed the entire drainage of the town is carried by four several sewers at different points, and in it lies the accumulated filth of many generations. Four other towns drain into the river above the city, and yet people are found to wonder that epidemics break out in clean Cathedral cities, such as Chester.

☞ The *Mayflower*, so famous in Pilgrim annals, was a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons. She made several voyages to the Massachusetts Colony, but her identity is lost after 1635.

Water That Will Not Drown.

All travellers, writes a correspondent, have mentioned with astonishment the peculiar buoyancy of the water of Great Salt Lake, and it is truly surprising. No danger of shipwreck need ever cross the mind of those who navigate the lake, for it would be simply impossible for them to sink if thrown overboard. With my hands clasped together under my head, and my feet crossed, I floated on the very surface of the lake with at least one-third of my body above the water. Upon a warm summer's day there would not be the slightest difficulty in going to sleep upon the lake, and allowing yourself to be blown about as the wind permitted; only one would need an umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun.

It has been stated that three buckets of this water will yield one bucket of solid salt; but, inasmuch as water will not hold above twenty-five per cent. of saline matter in solution, and if more be added it is instantly deposited upon the bottom, this estimate is, of course, too large. On inquiring of the Mormons engaged in procuring salt, they unanimously stated that for every five buckets of water they obtain one bucket of salt, which gives the proportion as no less than twenty per cent.

No visitor to the lake should omit the bath; the sensation in the water is most luxurious, and leads one to think himself in floating air. On the way back to the city it will be as well for the bather to stop at the superb sulphur baths just outside the town, and remove the saline incrustations which have been formed upon him, by a plunge into the fine swimming bath, whose only objection is its peculiar odor and its great heat, which requires a large admixture of cold water.

The Five Points.

There is "money" in the old shells and tenement houses at the Five Points, and similar localities in New York, but it is not the kind of property every body would like to own, if it does pay well. "Burleigh" writes as follows to the Journal:—

"There is no property, not even in Fifth Avenue or Wall Street, that pays as well. The building known as Sexton and Phillips's model tenement house is crowded in every part, over five hundred occupants residing in the building. These all pay weekly in advance, and the income per annum is not less than $50,000. A small building in Cherry Street, rented in the same style, brings in the annual rent of $12,000 a year. One in Elizabeth Street brings in $14,000 a year. In the vilest rookeries persons lodge by fifties on the floor so thick that one cannot walk without treading on them. Cellars reeking with slime and mud, dark passages under the stairs, dark closets, in short every place where a human form can lie, are rented at from six-pence a night upward, all paid for in advance, making an aggregate that is surprising. Multitudes of children, newsboys and young girls, beg or steal enough money to get into the gallery of a Bowery theatre, beg their bread or get it at a charitable institution, and then pay a few pennies for the vile lodgings which the vilest portion of New York affords."

Crickets on the Shasta Plains, Oregon.

Whatever had been of grass, or herb, or shrub was gone, cleared away by the field crickets. Never shall I forget this insect army. On getting well upon the plains, I found every inch of ground covered by them; they were as thick as ants on a hill; the mules could not tread without stepping on them; not an atom or vestige of vegetation remained; the ground was as clear as a planed floor. It was about twenty long miles to the next water, and straight across the sand-plains for that entire distance the crickets were as thick as ever. It is impossible to estimate the quantity; but, when you suppose a space of ground twenty-seven miles long, and how wide I know not, but at least twice that, covered with crickets as thick as they could be, you can roughly imagine what they would have looked like if swept into a heap. It was long after sundown when we reached the water, thirsty and utterly worn out; but the stream being wide and swift, the crickets had not crossed it, so our tired animals had a good supper, and we a comfortable camp.—*The Naturalist in British Columbia. By John Keast Lord, F. Z. S.*

CHICAGO.—Thanks to the advantages of her position, Chicago has been able to draw from abroad nearly all the money needed for her great enterprises. The Times, of that city, thus states the case:—

"If anybody ever raised so much as five dollars in Chicago to build a railroad or a canal, the fact has not transpired; and the individual who contributed the amount is keeping it quiet lest he excite the derision of his acquaintances. There are churches in this city which never cost a dollar of Chicago money. The same is true of railroads. We are so many and so important that we think outside missionaries can afford to build their own churches and still have a margin for profit in the honor of having a church in the city. So of railroads; if people want our trade, or want to convert us, let them furnish the facilities themselves."

UNTAUGHT AND MISTAUGHT.—To be mistaught is worse than to be untaught—and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system—no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this class are contained censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalize rightly, to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end; who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving where it ought to yield to one of higher order.—*Wordsworth.*

A PENNSYLVANIA COLONY IN TENNESSEE.—The McMinnville (Tenn.) *Era* says: "Coffee county is fast becoming a Pennsylvania colony. Some fifteen families from that State have purchased lands around Concord and Oak Hill, and are settling. They have already laid out $85,000 for lands, and 'the cry is still they come.' They are excellent farmers and good citizens, and we have ample room for all such. One of them has purchased the extensive Catron property in Tullahoma."

☞ In Colin county, Texas, pork sells for 6 cents a pound, butter at 12½ cents, eggs 10 cents a dozen, and flour $4 a hundred weight. These rates are for specie, however. Texas abounds in hog and hominy.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

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DEACON & PETERSON,
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How a Man Freezes to Death.

M. Panchet lately read an interesting paper on this subject, before the French Academy of Science. The author's inferences are as follows:

1. That the first phenomenon produced by cold is a contraction of the capillary vessels to such an extent that a globule of blood cannot enter; these vessels, therefore, remain completely empty.

2. The second phenomenon is an alteration of the blood globules, which amounts to their complete disorganization.

3. Every animal completely frozen is absolutely dead, and no power can re-animate it.

4. When only a part is frozen, that part is destroyed by gangrene.

5. If the part frozen is not extensive, and only a few disorganized blood globules pass into circulation, the animal may recover.

6. But if, on the contrary, the frozen part is of considerable extent, then the mass of altered globules brought into the circulation when the part is thawed, rapidly kills the animal.

7. For this reason a half frozen animal may live a long time if maintained in this condition, since the altered globules do not get into the circulation; but it expires rapidly as soon as the frozen part is thawed.

8. In all cases of congelation, death is due to the alteration of the blood globules, and not to any effect on the nervous system.

9. It results from these facts that the less rapidly the frozen part is thawed, the more slowly altered globules find their way into the circulation, and the greater the chances of the recovery of the animal.

☞ Stoves are introduced on the street cars at Louisville, Ky. They are made of heavy sheet iron, not more than twenty inches high, "as large as a plug hat," and protected by a wire guard to prevent clothing from being injured.

☞ A man may declaim about religion without having much of it. It doesn't follow that one's stomach is full of food because he talks with victuals in his mouth.

☞ The constellation of Corona has a star which, from its peculiar appearance, is called the "Burning Star." It has attracted unusual attention among the astronomers, both in Europe and America. The extraordinary outbursts or changes in its apparent size and condition leaves but little doubt that it is really a burning world.

☞ A hunter named Heckman, a few weeks ago, shot a snow-white deer in the mountain regions of Monroe county, Pa. This report at first was questioned, as the species of white deer are very rare. The statement, however, has been confirmed, and a reliable correspondent, himself a hunter, writes that only a few days ago, Heckman succeeded in killing a second white deer.

☞ A New York lady of tender conscience has sent $5.50 to the Secretary of the Treasury, for duty on kid gloves which she had smuggled into the country.

☞ Some Russian schoolboys have sent Count Bismarck a letter of thanks for having so greatly facilitated the study of the political geography of Germany.

☞ Idleness is the dead sea that swallows all virtues, and the self made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is Satan's urchin, whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES."

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The contents of The Post shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We commenced in the first number of January a new story called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," were so eagerly read in our paper during the past year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from

OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS,

will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

The Post is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR, SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

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In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S and SPENCER'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

No. 1.	For 4 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth	$3.00
" 2.	For 5	"	"	2.50 "	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth 7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth 7.00	
				or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth 7.00	
				or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth 10.00	
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No. 3.	For 10 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth 12.00	
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" 5.	For 15	"	"	2.50 "	a Fine Silver Watch, worth 20.00
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" 7.	For 25	"	"	2.50 "	a Fine Silver Watch, worth 30.00
" 8.	For 30	"	"	2.50 "	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth 35.00
" 9.	For 30	"	"	2.50 "	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth 55.00
" 10.	For 40	"	"	2.50 "	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth 60.00
" 11.	For 50	"	"	2.50 "	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth 75.00
" 12.	For 50	"	"	2.50 "	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth 80.00
" 13.	For 50	"	"	2.50 "	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth 70.00
" 14.	For 75	"	"	2.50 "	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth 110.00
" 15.	For 75	"	"	2.50 "	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth 110.00
" 16.	For 200	"	"	2.50 "	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth 250.00
" 17.	For 40	"	"	2.50 "	one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c., 35.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list, is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or for The Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ Remember—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of The Post, a copy of The Lady's Friend, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

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No. 1. The Propeller Pencil is made of Gutta Percha, with 14 carat gold mounting, finely chased. It is both useful and handsome.

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The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We offer the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

No. 7. Is also a Silver Lever Watch with a hunting case, and a finer finished article than No. 5.

No. 8. Is Allen's Patent, *Breech Loading* Rifle—large bore. One of the best of the breech-loaders.

No. 9. Is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as we have offered for the last four years. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

No. 10. There are *six* pieces in this set. A *Coffee-Pot*, *two Tea-Pots*, a *Creamer*, *Sugar* and *Slop Bowls*. Silver Plated on the best White Metal, they have all the beauty of solid silver, and are now used in the very best families. The pattern is a beautiful one—and altogether this is a most desirable Premium. The set will be boxed carefully, and shipped from the manufacturer by railroad or express, as desired.

No. 11. This is a Lady's Fine Gold Lever Watch—in a hunting (or closed) case, beautifully enamelled, and with excellent works. A splendid Premium, to be obtained by a little exertion. A school might make up a list, and get a Silver or Gold Watch as a Christmas or New Year's present for the teacher.

No. 12. Appleton's New American Cyclopædia—embodying the latest and most reliable information upon about twenty-five thousand different subjects. Sixteen large volumes, of seven hundred and fifty pages each. A splendid present for a Teacher or a Minister, from a School or Congregation.

Nos. 13 and 14. Carhart & Needham's 4 octave and 5octave Melodeons, in beautiful Rosewood cases; scroll leg, portable style.

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No. 16. Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums, in Black Walnut cases, oil finish. Five octaves. Three Sets of Reeds, and Seven Stops.

No. 17. This Rifle is the famous Seven Shooter used during the War. See full description of it in The Post of December 1st.

The Melodeons, Organs, and Harmoniums could easily be obtained by the members of a Day-School, Sunday-School, or Church. Their value we need not dwell upon. As to their quality, the manufacturers, Carhart & Needham, Nos. 97, 99 and 101 East Twenty-Third Street, New York city, would be pleased to answer all letters in reference thereto, and furnish satisfactory evidence.

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Remittances.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent to those desirous of getting up clubs, on the receipt of *five cents*.

☞ A Frenchman who had been in India, speaking of tiger-hunts, pleasantly remarks:—"When ze Frenchman hunts ze tigare, ah! ze sports is grand, magnifique! but wen ze tigare hunt ze Frenchman, one! zere is ze very devil to pay!"

☞ As the steeple of a church was being painted recently, the attention of a little girl was attracted by the staging put up about it. She appeared unable to comprehend it; but finally, after a moment's reflection said:—"I guess it is the crinoline."

☞ A vagrant says the perfection of the "art preservative of arts" consists in making handbills whereon are the words "Free Lunch."

☞ In winter it is sometimes difficult to understand the clerk of the weather; but when it snows violently you can always see his drift.

A lave poet says:

"I gallop up the steeps of fame
To win my lady's hand."

Precisely; he does it to give a gal a-pup (gallop up)

☞ "My good fellow," said one man to another, slapping him on the shoulder, "you are one of the men we read of!" "How so?" inquired the other, "where did you read of me?" "In the police report."

☞ It is with the votes of men, as with their actions: It all depends upon the way in which you treat them.

☞ "I have passed through great hardships," as the schooner said, after sailing through a fleet of iron-clads.

LOVE'S GIFTS.

BY J. R. PLANCHE.

I gave my Love a fan before she knew
I loved her more than dared my tongue impart;
She took it with a smile; but saw not through
Mine eyes that I had given her first my heart.
Oh fan, how envied I the happy air
Thou brought'st a-wooing to that face so fair!

I gave her flowers—Nature's living gems;
The likest things to her on earth I've known!
All beauty, grace, and sweetness; diadems
To bind her brows, and posies for her zone.
O happy flowers, what had I given to lie,
Like ye, on that fair breast, though but to die!

I gave my Love a ring:—No costly prize;
Naught but a little simple hoop of gold.
She placed it on her finger with sweet sighs,
And sweeter looks, that made my tongue more bold.
"O happy ring, upon that hand to shine!
O lovely lady, would that hand were mine!"

My love gave me—a kiss. O wanton air,
I envy thee no more! O luckless flowers,
I breathe fresh life upon that bosom fair,
Where ye but perish in a few short hours.
O, ring, a finger thou dost clasp alone!
My arms encircle all—for she is all mine own!

A SHOT AT TWELVE PACES.

"A Prussian officer killed in a duel, I see," said Galton, laying down the "Times."

"Every man who fights a duel is a fool, who's better out of the world than in it," said Dormer, laying down the law.

"And the seconds are worse than the principals; they share the folly and not the danger," said Bingham, taking up the strain.

"Gently, gently! Sweeping censure is always unjust," said Morley, taking up the speaker.

"Heyday, Morley! You are not a duelling man, are you? You never left the Rue de la Paix to walk in the Champ de Mars, surely!"

"Well, I was very nearly a second once."

"Very nearly! Didn't the fight come off?"

"No."

"How was it? A very decided challenge, I suppose, and then the principles fought—shy, eh?"

"No, no; the principals were in serious earnest about it, I assure you."

"Then the authorities interfered and stopped the fun, perhaps?"

"Wrong again. Not a soul threw the least obstacle in the way of the meeting."

"Well, how was it, then?"

"Why, the fact was, that when we got to the ground—but perhaps I'd better tell you the whole story."

"By all means," said Galton. "Silence, gentlemen. Silence, there. Monsieur raconte." And accordingly Monsieur recounted the following:

"When I was shooting in India, I one morning received a letter, expressed in some such terms as these:—

"'Dear Morley,—I have a little shooting party on, and want your assistance. Come as soon as possible to Harrison's bungalow; we will make all arrangements there, and you can go and call on O'Flaherty at once. We are going to have a shot at large game for a change. Don't delay a moment. In these cases the scent should be followed while it's warm. The fellow's a big brute, and shall not escape me, if I know it. He's caught a Tartar this time. We'll put an ounce of lead into his carcass before he's twenty-four hours older, or I'm not yours, ever,

"'Dennis O'Down.'

"'A tiger, by Jove!' I thought. 'A tiger at last.'

"I had been waiting for weeks in the hope of getting a shot at a tiger, and had been repeatedly tantalized with reports of one being somewhere in the neighborhood. The jungle came down to within a very short distance of the place where I was staying, and the country looked the very ideal of what a tiger country should be; but I had never had the luck to get a shot at one yet, although for some time past there had been rumors that a tiger was about. He had been seen here, and heard of there; he had carried off a sheep in one place, and a bullock in another; but still no one had been able to find out anything as to his actual whereabouts sufficiently definite to make it of any use our going after him. But now, thought I, O'Dowd must have got the bearings of the beast pretty accurately. I could have wished that Dennis had been a little less flowery and 'tropical' in his account, but he always was a funny dog; the drift of his letter was clear enough; and if the tiger's having caught a Tartar was not a mere figure of speech, the animal must be a very fine one. The part about O'Flaherty puzzled me a little; it had always struck me that he and O'Dowd were by no means warm friends; O'Flaherty was always chaffing O'Dowd, and O'Dowd always vowing vengeance against O'Flaherty. But it was all fun, perhaps; and O'Flaherty was a great hand at tiger-shooting, I dared to say. At any rate, hurrah for the tiger! And I hurried off to Harrison's bungalow, where I found O'Dowd, with an expression of the utmost determination upon his face, drinking pale ale as if he meant it.

"'Well, O'Dowd,' said I; 'we're to have a shot at him at last, are we?'

"'That we are,' said he; 'or I'll post him.'

"Post him! post a tiger! O'Dowd was still at his joke.

"'Well! And when is it to be?' I asked.

"'I won't have it delayed longer than to-morrow morning,' answered Dennis. 'You must go to O'Flaherty at once, and if he prefers this evening—faith! all the better.'

"'Oh, it depends upon him, does it?' said I.

"'Well, of course it does,' said O'Dowd, 'to a certain extent; but not later than to-morrow morning, mind. And now I'll tell you all about it.'

"'Ay, let's hear all about the gentleman,' said I, eagerly. 'He's been playing with us long enough. We'll put a bullet into his hide now.'

"'That we will, my boy,' returned O'Dowd. 'Now just listen to me. As I was walking up here last night, I met him sauntering—'

"'What! You met the beast, you say?'

"'And you may call him a baste,' said O'Dowd. 'He was that for certain. He'd had too much; I'll take my oath of that.'

"'Glutted with carnage,' I muttered.

"'I could see it, at once,' continued O'Dowd; 'I took his measure at a glance."

"'Well,' said I, anxious to know his size, 'and—'

"'And I could see that he'd had a deal more than a taste of the cratur, though he carried it off in such a mighty easy way.'

"'Carried it off easily, did he?' said I: a sheep or a bullock, of course. 'What! he was off with it to his den, no doubt?'

"'No doubt,' said O'Dowd; 'he generally finishes his evening in his own den, the insatiable thief. Well, when he saw me, he came towards me, roaring—'

"'Roaring! Came towards you!' I exclaimed. 'By Jove! you took it very coolly. Didn't you run?'

"'Run?' said O'Dowd, as if uncertain whether to be offended or not; 'will you please to be serious, Morley. This is no joke I'm telling you.'

"'No joke! My dear O'Dowd, I should think not, indeed. What did you do?'

"'When he saw me, I tell you, he pulls his cigar out of his mouth—'

"'Eh! What? Cigar!'

"'And comes towards me, roaring out, "What are doing out o' bed, O'Dowd? Go home with you. You've got chewbercles in your lungs. Go home!"'

"'The tiger said,' I gasped out.

"'Tiger! What are you after, Morley?'

"'Who said you'd got tubercle?'

"'Who? Why, O'Flaherty.'

"'Oh, confound O'Flaherty!' I said. 'Why the plague are you always bringing his name in? Tell me about the tiger.'

"'What tiger?' said O'Dowd. 'In the name of mystery, what tiger?'

"'Why, the tiger we're going to shoot, of course.'

"'I'm going to shoot no tiger. I'm going to shoot O'Flaherty.'

"'Shoot O'Flaherty! What are you going to shoot him for?'

"'Why, didn't you understand? He told me I'd got chewbercles.'

"'And so this precious note of yours,' said I, producing the epistle, 'was to tell me that you're going to fight O'Flaherty?'

"'Faith! and you may say that,' replied O'Dowd. 'I thought I'd put it delicately.'

"'By Jove! you put it so delicately that I thought it all referred to tiger-shooting.'

"And did you so?' said Dennis, with some pride. 'Begad! I always was a neat hand at letter-writing.'

"'But you're not serious, I hope, O'Dowd,' I said. 'You don't really mean that you intend to shoot O'Flaherty?'

"'I'll be shot if I don't,' returned O'Dowd, very decidedly. 'He told me I'd got chewbercles in my lungs.'

"And there was very little doubt that O'Flaherty was right. A few years afterwards the fact became fatally evident. Death, and a P. M. examination, put it beyond all question. But even if there had been no grounds for it, the idea of shooting a man for such a reason as this was absurd.

"'My dear fellow,' said I to O'Dowd, 'this must not be allowed to go on. I can't consent to act as your friend in such a case as this. It would be a different matter if he'd given you the lie, or—'

"'Give me the lie!' said O'Dowd. 'Didn't he tell me I'd got chewbercles, when I haven't anything of the kind. Isn't that giving me the lie, to all intents and purposes; giving me the lie in the throat as deep as to the lungs, as Shakspeare says, eh? Once for all, will you undertake the matter?'

"'I'd rather be excused,' I said.

"'Very good,' said O'Dowd; 'then I wish you good-morning. I'll go and call on O'Grady.'

"O'Grady! The most determined fire-eater in the empire. If he called on O'Grady it would end in a fight as certainly as doomsday. If I undertook it, we might perhaps come to some arrangement; so with much reluctance, I told Dennis that he might command me.

"'I knew you'd never spoil sport,' said O'Dowd. 'Now, look here, Morley, you go at once to O'Flaherty, and give him to understand that I require—'

"'For Heaven's sake, my dear O'Dowd,' said I, anxiously, 'don't be too hard upon him. Put it as peaceably as you can.'

"'Just what I'm going to do," said O'Dowd. "'You go to O'Flaherty, and tell him that I require a written apology, which must contain a confession that he was drunk at the time of speaking, and a declaration of his full belief that I've no more got chewbercles than he has. If he declines to give this, I expect immediate satisfaction. I can't put it more peaceably than that, now, can I?'

"I certainly thought it possible, but as O'Dowd adhered to his own opinion, that did no good at all. So, armed with this peaceable message, I took my way to O'Flaherty, whom I found sitting lazily upon a cane-bottomed chair, and surrounded by soda-water bottles.

"'Ha! Morley,' said he, 'delighted to see you, upon me conscience. Will you take a peg?* No! You'd better. I've done little else ever since I got up. Well! yes, I was a little sprung last night; just a drapple in me ee, as that Scotch fellow says in his infernal brogue. Begad! looking back upon last night's proceedings, reminds me of those dissolving views, where each picture gets misty, and runs into the next.'

"'I suppose, then, you have no very distinct recollection of the people you met last night, have you?' I inquired.

"'Faith! no,' said he; 'my memory might be clearer.'

"Well, the fact is, I'm come upon a very unpleasant mission. You don't remember meeting O'Dowd, do you?'

"'It's O'Dowd you mean?' said O'Flaherty, thoughtfully. 'Bedad, then, I don't.'

"'Ah! You did meet him, though, and he says insulted him greatly.'

"'And did I insult him?' said O'Flaherty, taking up a soda-water bottle. 'That's mighty curious. How did I do it?'

"'Well, it seems you said something about his having tubercle of the lung, and he does not like it. He's rather touchy about his chest, you know.'

"'Ay, I know. And did I tell him that?'

"'Yes, you told him that he'd got tubercle; and he took the speech so much to heart, that I am come from him to say that he expects an apology.'

"Begad, and were you told to say that?'

"'I was, indeed; and I'm sure, my dear fellow, you must see how extravagantly absurd we shall all make ourselves if this affair proceeds any further. Every mess-room in India will be laughing at the Tubercle duel. I am sure you must perceive the truth of this, and the absolute necessity of putting a stop to it at once. By Jove, sir, we shall never hear the last of it till the day of our death.'

"'You may say that, indeed,' said O'Flaherty, laughing. 'Faith, it won't be only O'Dowd who'll be troubled with chewbercles, will it?'

"'No, that it won't. It's not generally considered an infectious disorder, but it will infect us, at any rate,' said I.

"'Change of air will be the only thing for us,' said O'Flaherty.

"'Then, look here, my dear O'Flaherty,' said I, pushing a writing-case towards him; 'just scratch two or three lines to say that last night you were, as you've just said, troubled with a drapple in your ee; and you may add—it's as well to do the thing handsomely while you are about it—that you have perfect faith, ha! ha!—perfect faith in the integrity of O'Dowd's lungs. Come, what do you say?'

"Pop went the soda-water.

"'That,' said O'Flaherty.

"'That! Explain, please.'

"'That's all the apology that ye'll get from me.'

"'But, my good sir, if you don't ap—explain in some way, O'Dowd insists upon fighting.'

"'And by the blessed St. Patrick,' said O'Flaherty, his speech becoming ten times more Irish than before at the mention of the national pastime;—'and by the blessed St. Patrick, I'll humor his fancy. If it's foighting he manes, I'll foight him with all me sowl—with all the pleasure in life, begad. Ye can't fright Tim O'Flaherty into an apology by telling him that foighting's the alternative, I promise ye.'

"'Fright you,' said I; 'I never dreamed of frightening you. But reflect for a moment upon the absurdity of the whole affair. Come, old fellow, stretch a point, and save us from universal ridicule.'

"'Faith, not I,' said O'Flaherty; 'the prospect don't trouble me at all to speak of.'

"'Then you decline to apologize altogether?'

"'There, if you haven't stated the case exactly.'

"'Then I've no resource but to ask you for the name of your friend, if you really will not be persuaded to—'

"'I can't really undertake to be persuaded, me dear friend. Are you going? Well, good-by; I'll send some one to call upon you in a twinkling.'

"Disgusted exceedingly, I took my leave and returned to my quarters. The idea of two fellows shooting at each other for no better reason than that one had accused the other of having diseased lungs, was so confoundedly ridiculous, that, setting aside the unpleasantness of being engaged in an affair of this kind at all, I would have given anything to be able to wash my hands of it. But what was to be done? When the two principals—both of them Irishmen, too—were resolved on fighting, what could stop them? Perhaps O'Flaherty's friend, who would, of course, be of my mind about the serious farce in which we were compelled to act, might be able to hit upon some means of getting out of it. I would see what could be done when he arrived. It was really such utter nonsense, that a peg was the only thing to restore a fellow's equanimity after two such interviews.

"Before I had finished the peg, O'Flaherty's friend made his appearance. He was unknown to me. We both bowed.

"'Mr. Morley, I believe.'

"Upon my life, another Irishman; and my hopes of a peaceable termination to the affair took flight at the very sound of his voice.

"'Allow me to introjuice meself,—Lieutenant Doolan, —th Regiment. I come from Mr. O'Flaherty.'

"'O yes,' said I, affecting to have been momentarily forgetful of that little matter. 'Very happy to make your acquaintance, though I could wish it had been under pleasanter conditions.'

"'Not at all,' said Mr. Doolan, in a tone of the most perfect contentment, 'not at all. It's not meself that's going to quarrel with the conditions.'

"This might be only politeness towards me, but I thought it sounded much more like satisfaction at his mission.

"'Mr. O'Flaherty has, no doubt, instructed you fully as to how the matter between himself and Mr. O'Dowd stands.'

"'Quite so, quite so,' said the lieutenant.

"'Then I feel certain, Mr. Doolan, that you must agree with me that this affair cannot be allowed to proceed.'

"Doolan simply stared.

"'You can scarcely avoid feeling,' I continued, 'that the cause of quarrel is too slight for us to permit our friends to peril their lives about such a trifle.'

"'Thrifle!' ejaculated Doolan.

"'Now, can't we hit upon some method for bringing to a peaceable issue a business which, if proceeded with to the end at present proposed, must, as I'm sure you perceive, bring nothing but ridicule upon all engaged in it.'

"'Faith, then,' said Mr. Doolan, warmly, 'I perceave nothing of the kind. Hark ye, Mr. Morley; I came here to arrange peaceably the time and place for this meeting, and not to dispute about the rights and wrongs of the matter, or to question the good sense which no doubt injuiced both the gentlemen to take the fair and honorable course which they have taken. May I beg, sir, that you will enter, as soon as you canvaniently can, upon the rale business for which I am here.'

"There was nothing for it but to pocket the olive, and do as the lieutenant wished. Time and place were agreed upon, and Doolan rose to take his leave. As we were shaking hands in the most friendly manner, I said, 'By the way, Mr. Doolan, I must not forget to tell you that I have nothing at all in the shape of a dueling-pistol; perhaps you are better provided.'

"'Make yourself perfectly easy about that, Mr. Morley,' said Doolan, who would no more have been without hair-triggers than hair-brushes; 'I never travel without the peace-makers. *Au revoir.*' And Mr. Doolan took his departure, after receiving my assurance that I would call upon the surgeon, and make sure of his attendance upon the ground.

"I cheerfully undertook to do this, as I was determined that, at any rate, the surgeon should not be an Irishman, and I had some hopes that he might be able to suggest some way out of the difficulty. Accordingly, after writing a couple of lines to O'Dowd, to say that I had arranged

* As it may not be among the things generally known, I ought perhaps to explain that in India the word "Peg" means soda-water and brandy. The full phrase is, "Another peg is your coffin," alluding to the deleterious effects of the drink.

everything, and to inform him of the time and place, I set off at once to look up the surgeon. His name was Hale, a thoroughly scientific man, devoted to his profession, and as little likely as anybody to have any sympathy with the romantic folly of the duel. I found him at home, in remarkably good spirits, as doctors generally are, and engaged upon a paper for the 'Lancet,' upon the subject of gunshot wounds.

"'How are you, Hale?' said I.

"'How do, Morley?' said he. 'What's the matter? Anything wrong with you? You look rather out of sorts. Digestion wrong, or what is it?'

"'O, there's nothing the matter with me,' I said; 'don't flatter yourself. I want your help, certainly, but not for myself. You'll be wanted about half-past five this afternoon at ——'

"'Eh!' said Hale. 'You don't mean to say that Mrs. ——'

"'No, no,' said I, 'nothing of the kind,—quite the reverse, indeed. No, the state of the case is this: O'Dowd has taken umbrage at something O'Flaherty has said, and has insisted upon calling him out.'

"'Ah, that's it, is it?' said Hale, his eyes brightening; 'and you'll want me upon the ground in case of accident. Certainly, with all my heart. Pistols, of course,'—with a glance at his manuscript,—'nothing like pistols. You may depend upon me, Morley. You may be quite certain that I shall be there.'

"The villain was evidently in want of an illustration to prove some confounded theory of his own with regard to bullet-wounds. His glance at the manuscript betrayed him.

"'No; but look here, Hale,' I said, 'the affair ought not to be allowed to go on.'

"'You think not,' said he, as if entertaining the very gravest doubts as to the wisdom of my opinion.

"'Certainly, I think not; and you'll think so, too, when you hear the case. Last night, O'Flaherty, when slightly screwed, charged O'Dowd with having tubercle of the lung.'

"'And a most insolent thing to say, too, though it's a positive fact all the same. *In vino veritas*, and no mistake. But still a man with any respect for himself can't allow his lungs to be thrown in his face in that way without taking notice of it. And so O'Dowd demands an apology or a meeting, eh?'

"'Just so. He insists upon an apology, and—it's really too absurd—a declaration from O'Flaherty that the charge brought against his lungs was unfounded.'

"'Quite correct,' said Hale, 'and this declaration O'Flaherty is, of course, unable to make. His statement was a perfectly true one, and he can't unmake it without telling a falsehood. Upon my word, if you can see any way but one out of the difficulty you are cleverer than I.'

"'I believe you are all gone mad,' I said, vexed beyond bearing. 'There's not a creature who will look at the thing in a calm and reasonable manner. Why, do you realize, sir, that just for a ridiculous word from a drunken man a valuable life may be lost?'

"'Ah, very sad, very sad, indeed,' replied the doctor, coolly; 'but it can't be helped. The matter is gone too far now to be stopped. A meeting is absolutely necessary for the honor of the parties, and,—laying his hand casually upon the MS., and speaking in a thoughtful manner,—'and may be of infinite service to the cause of—'

"He broke off there, but he meant 'the cause of science,' I'm certain, confound him! He was devoted to his profession was Hale.

"'Half past five, at Harrison's bungalow, if you please, Mr. Hale,' said I, coldly, and walked out of the room, the man of science following me to the door, and assuring me, in the cheerfulest and friendliest manner, that I might depend upon him absolutely; that he would sacrifice any number of patients sooner than not be present; and that he would be certain not to forget his instruments.

"I had done my best. I had called upon Common Sense to help me, but Common Sense was nowhere to be found. I had appealed to the Dread of Ridicule, but it slept, and could not be awakened. I had asked Science to lend me a hand, but Science wanted both of hers to seize her own opportunities. There was no resource now but to let the matter go on to its bitter end.

"In affairs of this kind, you know, it is not etiquette for the parties to go in company to the battle-ground, as pugilists do to a prize-fight. We must go separately to what 'Bell's Life' would call a likely spot, and meet there with distant politeness. As we had to drive a good way to the place pitched upon by Doolan and myself—an open space, well known to us all a little way into the jungle—it was agreed that O'Flaherty and his second should go on an hour or two in advance, taking their rifles with them, in order to pass the time with any sport that might fall in their way, and that I, with my principal and the surgeon, should follow at the stated time. All of which happened as arranged. The respondent and Doolan departed early in the afternoon, designing to lunch at the rendezvous; and shortly before six the appellant, Hale, and I followed, drove to the outskirts of the jungle, there left our carriage, and strolled through the trees to the place.

"'Here we are,' said Hale; 'true to our time; but I don't see our friends.' Euphemism for enemies.

"'They've been here very lately,' said O'Dowd, pointing to the relics of a luncheon scattered about on the grass; 'and, faith, they've made mighty free with the eatables.'

"'The end of a feast, most decidedly,' said Hale; 'so we are quite ready for the beginning of a fray.'

"'They'll make their appearance in a minute or two, no doubt,' I said. 'They're having a shot at something in the jungle, perhaps.'

"The crack of a rifle a short distance off seemed to confirm my words.

"'They might have taken both rifles with them, then, I'm thinking,' exclaimed O'Dowd, picking up O'Flaherty's, which lay on the grass.

"We were standing about, O'Dowd examining the rifle, which was loaded, and Hale the pale ale bottles, which were all discharged, when we were surprised by seeing Doolan running towards us with every appearance of extreme terror.

"'What's the matter?' we all shouted.

"'Here!' he cried. 'Come here. Bring the rifle. O'Flaherty's been carried off by a tiger!'

"'Now, Morley,' said O'Dowd, 'you've got your wish at last. Come along!'

"And we all set off running towards Doolan, who had stopped, and was loading his rifle.

"'Did ye hit him, Phil? did ye hit him?' said O'Dowd, when we reached the lieutenant.

"'Hit him, is it?' said Doolan. 'No, faith! I daredn't try. I fired, in hopes of frightening him. Come along! He jumped on us from behind, as we were sitting on the bank there, caught poor Tim by the shoulder, and trundled off with him, niver saying a word, as if six feet two were nothing to spake of at all. Come along!' We were hurrying after him all the while. 'I jumped up, picked up the rifle; "Stop, ye thief!" I called out, "or I'll shoot you!" He gave a wag with his tail, the baste, as much as to say, "Shoot away; ye daren't hit me for fear of killing Tim; and, begorra, I'll make myself safe enough for the matter of that." And at the word the crater chucked poor Tim on to his back, as a fox does with a goose, and away he went again—come along!—safer than ever, for I could see more of O'Flaherty now than I could of him, bad luck to him! and I wished I'd shot at first. I daredn't touch the trigger for the life of me, now, you understand; so I followed till he stopped, after a bit, and lay down with Tim before him, and then I shot, not at him, for fear of killing Tim, but in the hope of frightening the brute. But sorra a bit did it frighten him; it only made him gnash his teeth, and Tim was between 'em, ye'll recollect. So then I ran back for the other rifle, and met you, and—and have a care now, we can't be far off him, unless he's eloped with Tim again, which the saints forbid, for it's a mighty unpleasant way of travelling.'

"He had not eloped with Tim. He was still lying, where Doolan had left him, with his mouth so close to poor O'Flaherty's ear, that he looked as if he were whispering into it. What was to be done? The very thought of firing into him across O'Flaherty made my hand shake. We all stood still for a moment or two, staring at the tiger and his victim.

"'Now, then, who's going to shoot?' said Doolan. 'Somebody must, or faith poor Tim will be minced veal before he knows where he is. But I'll be hanged if it's me that's going to do it. You're the best shot, Dennis.'

"'Shoot, O'Dowd,' said I. 'I daren't, for the life of me.'

"'Faith, it's a risky shot for certain,' said O'Dowd; 'but if we stand here and do nothing, there'll be no chance for him at all. Now, hark ye, gentlemen,' he said, throwing up his head and looking, tubercle or not, a thoroughly fine fellow, 'you all know, I'm sure, that though I was anxious enough to shoot O'Flaherty standing opposite me at twelve paces, I'd be the last man in the world to take advantage of him now. All right,—all right. There, that's enough! Upon me sowl, then, I never thought otherwise for a moment. Look here, now. Give Morley your rifle, Phil, and you and Hale stand a trifle back. Now, Morley, my boy, I'm going to creep in a thought nearer. Keep you just behind me. I'll blaze away at him first; and I shall hit him, don't be afraid for that. If he springs right at us, cover him well and let fly. If he only jumps up, hand me your rifle, and I'll bang at him again. D'ye understand me?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'Follow me, then.'

"O'Dowd stepped gently towards the tiger, and I followed his steps closely. When we were within a dozen yards of the animal, the tiger dropped O'Flaherty's arm, which it had in its mouth, and lifted its head. O'Dowd sank on to his knee instantly, looked along his barrel for one second, and fired. With the most awful yell I ever heard the tiger sprang up, gave one bound towards us, and then, before I'd time to mark him properly, rolled over on the long grass.

"'Twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, I'll bet a hundred,' said O'Dowd, quietly.

"I handed him the loaded rifle, and we all, except Doolan, who dashed recklessly over to O'Flaherty, walked cautiously towards the fallen tiger. The bullet had passed through his eye into his brain, and he was as dead as his greatest grandfather.

"'Dead as a herring!' I cried.

"'Begad, and so he is,' said Doolan, who was bending over O'Flaherty; 'and so he is. Come here, Hale, can't you. Bad luck to ye! you're a pretty doctor to stand staring at a tiger when there's a dead Christian in want of your assistance five yards off. Come here, can't you!'

"We all ran at once to O'Flaherty.

"'O Tim, Tim,' whined Doolan, 'whatever injuiced you to go and die in a hurry like this?'

"'Die!' said Hale, sharply; 'what the dickens are you talking about dying for? The man's not dead. Not a bit of it. His left arm's broken, certainly, broken in two places; and he's nicely contused all over, I'll stake my reputation; pretty well frightened, no doubt; I confess I am, without so much cause; but, dead! Bless my soul, sir, will you have the goodness to allow him a breath of air?'

The breath of air was allowed him. In a very short time he recovered consciousness; requested to know in a strong Irish accent whereabouts he was; betrayed by a few words that he was under the impression that he had lost his way in returning from a heavy dinner, and had gone to sleep by the roadside; then recovered his senses completely; listened to the whole history, while Hale tied his arm up as well as it could be done; and finally, with much assistance, rose to his feet.

"'Well, gentlemen,' said I, cheerfully, 'I suppose we may return at once, for the business which we came about will scarcely be proceeded with now, I apprehend.'

"'I decidedly forbid Mr. O'Flaherty's proceeding with that matter to-day,' said Hale, sulkily, laying strong emphasis upon the last word.

"'Faith, Hale,' said O'Flaherty, 'ye may even forbid it altogether. I should be a more insensible brute than that tiger there if I could not apologize now without feeling any humiliation in doing so. Give us your hand, Dennis, and receive my apologies. I was screwed when I met you the other night, and—'

"'You sha'n't say another word, Tim,' said O'Dowd; 'if you do, I'll never spake to ye again. Come along; let's go at once. We'll send the servants for the beast yonder.'

"We all returned in high spirits; and that was the first and last duel I ever had a hand in."

"By Jove! that was a fine shot of O'Dowd's," said Galton, "and, all circumstances considered, must have been immensely satisfactory to himself. Yours is the only affair of the kind, Morley, that I ever heard of, in which either of the principals obtained any real satisfaction."

"If O'Dowd was as good a hand at a pistol as a rifle, O'Flaherty's chance would have been a very poor one," said Dormer.

"Well, the tiger was the real peacemaker after all," said Bingham, "and yet he had to suffer for it. There's a want of classical justice about that part of the story."

"Nay," said Morley, "on the contrary, it is quite correct and classical. Amongst the ancients, you know, when two enemies were reconciled, they sacrificed a beast upon the occasion."

MY NEED MY ONLY CLAIM.

A day of anguish, grief and fear—
My husband far away!
They ask, "What shall we telegraph?
Tell us what word to say."

"*I need thee,*" whispered my pale lips;
"Say but these words alone;
On swiftest wings of loving haste
My need will bring him home.

A day of anguish, grief, and fear—
My Saviour far away!
"What prayer, what message for the throne?"
The guardian angels say.

"Dare not to pray," the tempter cried,
"God knows the heart of sin,
And sees nor love, nor hope, nor faith,
Nor penitence within."

I cried—my heart with anguish rent—
My cold, hard heart of stone—
"*I need Thee, Lord!*" The angels bore
My message to the throne.

On swiftest wings of joyful haste
My God, my Saviour came,
Enfolding me with deathless love;
My need my only claim!

The Dwarf's Wedding.

It is well known that ice is capable of such great solidity as to retain in cold countries any desired shape for a long time; and houses have been constructed of it which have resisted the elements, not only through the winter, but far into the succeeding summer, and in some instances, even during several years. In illustration of this fact, the Courier des Etats Unis tells the following story:—

Peter the Great of Russia had in his service a buffoon, named Nickolieff, a dwarf in size, and particularly ugly in appearance, but possessed of a mind full of intelligence and overflowing with wit and sarcasm, in the exercise of which even the sacred majesty of the Czar was not always respected. He one day approached his master and requested permission to marry.

"And who do you suppose would marry you?" demanded the Czar.

"Catharine Italivaski," replied the dwarf.

"Catharine Italivaski! that majestic, beautiful creature, attached as fille de chambre to one of the Empress' ladies in waiting! Impossible, my poor Nickolieff! She is young and beautiful, and you are old and ugly."

"She loves me!" said Nickolieff, swelling with offended pride. "Everybody does not look upon me with the unfavorable eyes of your majesty."

"You must be very rich, then, or she would not love you," said the Czar.

"Allowing that to be, I should not be the first one who has been loved for his wealth!" replied the buffoon, with a cynical smile. "I know of one far more rich and more powerful than I am, who has thought himself loved for himself alone, instead of for his piles of yellow gold, and was so plainly deceived that he alone was unsuspicious of the true object."

The Emperor turned pale with anger, and bit his lip until the blood flowed, for the buffoon alluded to a love adventure of the monarch well known at court, but of which none had dared to speak above a whisper.

"Very well," said he, controlling his rage by a violent effort, "since you desire to marry Catharine Italivaski, you shall do so. I charge myself with the whole expense of the nuptials, and you will receive from me the palace which you will occupy with your charming bride. Meantime you are forbidden to leave your chamber, under penalty of being made acquainted with the knout, in comparison with which the blows of my wife, which have often made your shoulders ache, are mere love caresses."

Fifteen days after, the day of January, 1720, the buffoon was awakened at daybreak by the sounds of music at the door of the chamber which served him as a prison. A number of the servants of the Czar entered, clothed him in a magnificent suit of garments, then placed him on a sledge, to which were attached four of the most beautiful horses in the imperial stables, and surrounded by a cortége composed of the greatest lords and ladies of the imperial court, conducted him to the cathedral Notre Dame de Kazan, where the nuptial ceremony was celebrated with a splendor and extravagance which not only reassured, but delighted the proud Nickolieff.

The nuptial benediction pronounced, the happy couple were placed upon the sledges, and conducted to an isolated place, a short distance from the city, on the banks of the Neva, where had been built a palace the like of which never existed, except in fairy tales. The palace, which seemed to be constructed of crystal, and which reflected in thousands of luminous rays the blazing torches of the cortége, was built of massive blocks of ice, cut out as if from stone and fastened with water in place of cement. The dwarf and his wife were introduced into an immense hall, the furniture of which, tables, chairs, chandeliers, everything was made of ice, and were served, in the presence of the Emperor and his attendants, with a feast of regal sumptuousness. The choicest and most delicate wines were served in abundance, and the goblets of Nickolieff and Catharine—also carved from blocks of ice—were kept constantly filled, until, at a signal from Peter, the spouses, stupefied with wine, were carried to the nuptial chamber and placed upon a bed of solid ice, richly carved and gilded, and there left, without fire or other clothing, in the frigid temperature of a Russian winter. The doors of the chamber and palace were then sealed by pouring water over them, which immediately congealed, rendering them equally solid with the walls themselves. As the cortége withdrew, the cruel Czar remarked,—

"Behold! a nuptial night such as was never witnessed before."

Eight months after the fatal night, says the historian Leveque—that is, at the close of the month of August—this palace and tomb of ice still existed, and in an almost perfect state. Certain portions of the exterior only had yielded to the influence of the warm winds and sun, and, melting, had formed about it a species of opaque stalactites. The monument itself gradually lost its transparency, and became a dirty, tarnished mass, through which it was no longer possible, thanks to God, to distinguish the bodies of the frozen lovers, of which the very features had been so long visible. Another winter passed, consolidating the fearful tomb anew, so that, two years later, under the combination of frost, hail, snow, dust, sun and rain, this fairy palace was completely transformed into a little hillock, black and hideous to behold.

When, at last, Peter the Great gave orders to demolish the frightful witness to his barbarity, the pickaxe and bar were found insufficient for the purpose, and recourse to blasting was necessary to relieve the shores of the beautiful Neva from the villanous object which recalled so disgraceful a history.

Random Rules for Young Lady Skaters.

BY J. T. DUDLEY.

1st. Always ride or walk to the skating park or pond. The former is preferable, if you have three or four dollars for a strictly honest hackman, and you are not familiar with the city regulations—for a graceful carriage is always to be desired in skating. (There is a little joke here on the word "carriage;" copyright secured.)

2d. Never go bareheaded. The style of hat last appropriated from the sensitive but uncomplaining men folks will serve a good purpose. If you haven't a head covering of this kind, a hood will answer very well. Any kind of hood will do, except a falsehood. This is all we have to offer on that head.

3d. Dress warmly. If the day be very cold, you will need more clothing than you would were the mercury not so low. Dr. Hall having elaborated this point, we will leave it when we have offered a suggestion, which he probably overlooked: Leave your sandal-wood fan at home, and wear thick-soled shoes, even though little white satin affairs be more slippery.

4th. Do not attempt to put on your skates yourself; though you may be able to fasten one strap, you will probably find you "canna buckle two." Call, therefore, upon your father, or, in his absence, secure the services of a nice young man. We have had a nice young man fasten on our skates for a long time.

5th. See that your skates are securely fastened on. This, if you wear No. 2 or 3, is quite a feat, and if you use No. 6 or 7, is something more than a feet. The rule holds good in case of a carnival, or any other fete (long *e* if you please.)

6th. Do not always expect to find smooth ice; you know you might slip up on it.

7th. Never skate a race; you might get cold the first heat. If you wish to get ahead on ice, skate over the remains of a cigar. Any lady protesting against cigars on the ice will find some to back her.

8th. Don't skate much after you are tired out; it would probably fatigue you still more. When you tire, you would better retire, whether of a retiring disposition or not.

9th. Arriving home, tell the nice young man who accompanied you—if he is good-looking, and his parents are wealthy—that you should be glad to have him call. Then find your room and seek sleep, that you may not omit your usual custom of arising early and assisting your mother in preparing breakfast.

It will be seen that this series of admirable rules is only adapted to those young ladies who have some knowledge of skating. That we may not be accused of exhibiting partiality for any portion of the fair sex, let us in conclusion proceed immediately to offer for the benefit of those who are without the above-mentioned accomplishments, rule 10, which, faithfully observed, will fully qualify them to appreciate and profit by all the others. Here it is:

LEARN TO SKATE!

The World of Rogues.

There is a certain fascination in rogue lore. Almost everybody likes to read about great scamps—their tricks when at large, their demeanor when caged, their redeeming points, if they have any, their appearance, habits, and their antecedents. An ex-Inspector-General of French prisons has recently gratified public curiosity on this subject, so far as French rogues are concerned, by publishing a book embodying his official experiences of scoundrelism. That there is not a particle of sentimentalism in the composition of the author is very clear. He falls foul of the theory of Sue and Victor Hugo, that roguery is generally superinduced by poverty, with a statistical sledge hammer that knocks it all to pieces.

Wonderful to relate in this ever tolerant age, he does not sympathize with felons—only with their victims. His statistics show that not more than about four per cent. of the crimes committed in France are prompted by destitution. It also appears that the most incorrigible of all villains are those who have amassed large amounts of property by villainy, and could therefore well afford to reform, and that the maximum of crimes occurs among the class of offenders who are best qualified, bodily and mentally, to provide for their wants by honest means. This is a demolisher for the hypothesis that society, by reason of its neglect to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, is in a great measure responsible for the deeds of its criminals. Food-stealing constitutes less than five per cent. of all indictable crimes in France and England.

The ex-Inspector seems to have been a sharp observer. He carefully noted the conduct of his rogues, and found, he says, that their prominent characteristics were determined, as a general rule, by their temperament. The bilious fellows, dark-haired, sallow, muscular, and of more than average talent, were dangerous but not politic. Strange to say, the lymphathic and phlegmatic convicts, with smooth faces, and limp, whitey brown hair, were the ruling spirits of the prisons, the mentors and counsellors of the headstrong bilious folk, and the masters even of their jailers. Most to be dreaded of all were the atribilious or melancholic criminals, with deep sunk, fiery eyes and straight black hair. Your atribilious felon, it seems, is tenacious of purpose and revengeful to the last degree. The Inspector had least trouble with his ruddy, curly haired culprits. These sanguine complexioned law-breakers were jolly, and disposed to make the best of their misfortunes. If the ex-Inspector ever felt the slightest commiseration for any of the delinquents under his charge, it was for the cheerful rogues, with blue eyes and crisp brown hair. On the whole, this matter-of-fact, statistical setting forth of the "world of rogues" shows them to be a very bad lot, with hardly a redeeming feature from beginning to end.

HALIBUT.—A chap from the country, lately visiting Delmonico's, came to the word halibut among the list of fish on his bill of fare, and never having seen or tasted any, thought he would try some.

"Have you any halibut?" said he.

Waiter—"Yes, sir."

"Bring me a couple."

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XXI.

PERKS VARIES IN HER CONVERSATION.

Cold upon the fever of interest in which the whole country burned fell the announcement that the six days of magisterial investigation had produced no result. The popular disappointment found its vent in letters to the *Times*, filled with suggestions, theories, and propositions, some of them utterly wild and improbable, yet amusing the public mind and keeping it at all events, well exercised in argument and reply. A "doubting devil" possessed one correspondent, who contradicted and doubted everything until called to order and silenced by a reminder of the incontrovertible fact of the young lady's entire disappearance.

One can fancy some wretched undetected sinner reading the wild flights of fancy and curious theories which every great crime calls into print, and laughing in his sleeve to see how far beside the truth some of them are. One can imagine his taking a sort of abstract interest in the guesses that come nearest the mark, and in the guessers that "burn," as the children say in their play. And we can picture too the utter scorn that is almost tempted to come forth and contradict publicly the utterly opposite and absurd suggestions which do much great discredit to the cunning or the nerve that has carried the wickedness successfully through.

There were two who, scanning with a fearful interest every newspaper paragraph headed "The Armytage Tragedy," prayed heartily over each new theory that it might be true—these two were Mr. Jervis and poor Perks.

Presently the still-baffled curiosity came to avenge itself in vituperation of the county authorities, the county police, of all and every one, in fact, whose mismanagement might be supposed responsible for the non-elucidation of the mystery. And this public vituperation had the effect of stimulating the somewhat discouraged local powers to quite a desperate and dangerous activity. Mr. Hallsham recovered from his first rebuff, took silent but vigilant notes, which all had for their background his own pet hypothesis. It was astonishing how the evidence grew about this hypothesis. First, an underhousemaid knew something—the number of persons who "know something" on these occasions is always astonishing. Carried away by a fatal ambition to come into notice, the young woman aforesaid had thrown out a hint which reached the quick ears of Mr. Fayrit, who straightway called the girl before him. Threatened with Mr. Hallsham, the young woman relapsed into futile terrors, repenting, in tears, of the ill-advised ambition which had brought upon her such undesirable distinction. Forced, in spite of her desperate resistance, into Mr. Hallsham's presence, she suddenly subsided into a submissive resignation, and told, without further subterfuge, how, on the night of the murder (as, in spite of Mr. Fayrit, everybody would call it), she had overheard Miss Olive "talking loud" in her sister's room, and that as late as eleven o'clock at night; that the loud talking was not pleasant talking—there was no laughing—"they was angry words," she was sure of that, and she had said so at the time to her bedfellow, Emma, "as Emma would say if she was asked." Mr. Hallsham gave the girl a grim caution to hold her tongue, and made an entry in a certain note-book, which was not long in receiving another addition to its memoranda. In the dusk of an evening a little later, Mr. Fayrit, who seemed to exercise the same ghostly immunity with respect to closed doors and bolts and bars both at Abbeyford and Armytage Hall, and went and came just as he listed, in a silent, mysterious way, ushered into Mr. Hallsham's after-dinner presence a portly, middle-aged lady, whose address was a curious mixture of dignity and agitation, and who, indeed, required the stimulus of a glass of wine to enable her to open out her errand at all.

"You see, sir, my duty to the family is one thing and my duty to my own conscience is another. It is a very sad thing—I assure you I find it a *very* sad thing—that, for the first time for fifty years, I can't make these two agree. But I have thought it over night and day, sir, and I have tried to see what was right, and in so far as I can't rest without speaking out, I feel as if I ought to come to you, or some other of the gentlemen who are looking into this dreadful business, and tell out all I know."

"My good woman," broke in Mr. Hallsham, "of course your duty is plain. It is a very wrong and a very serious thing to suppress evidence in a case of this kind—a very serious thing for *yourself* it might prove, I can assure you."

"If I could have saved the family by any sacrifice of mine, sir," Mrs. Gaythorn replied, with some stiffness, "I should not have hesitated to do it; but I cannot go against my conscience, and my conscience tells me that I ought not to hold back what I know. It's a terrible thing to those that love it—as I do—to see the name of Armytage, that has been so high in the country, dragged down and made common talk for the lowest mouth, as it is now; and the worst part of the trial to me, sir, is to think that those who belong to us, and should only have helped to uphold the honor of the house, should have brought—as I fear they have—as I fear they have—all this shame, and sin, and humiliation upon us."

Mrs. Gaythorn stopped to press her handkerchief to her eyes; the magistrate tapped impatiently upon the table before him.

"But, sir," the housekeeper proceeded, "although it adds tenfold to the shame and disgrace, from which I would have been glad to have died to have saved the house of my dear old master, I cannot but feel it my duty to speak out."

"Of course—of course," muttered Mr. Hallsham, whose patience was nearly exhausted.

But the housekeeper still hesitated. Between the honest, responsible desire to do her duty, and her anxiety to shield, as far as might be, the honor of the house which had for so long been the first in the world to her, she was sorely tried, poor woman.

"Well, sir," she said at last, with a sort of gasp with which one meets the first advances of a shower-bath, "I am grieved to say it, but I have strong reason to suspect that a person—a female—now at the Hall, has a guilty knowledge of this most sad affair."

"Go on—go on," urged Mr. Hallsham, in an animated tone, as Mrs. Gaythorn paused again, as if reluctant to commit herself to names, "and let me tell you, ma'am, that our suspicions have already been directed to the person to whom I imagine you allude."

"Indeed, sir!" ejaculated the housekeeper, much relieved, "then I have no hesitation in

saying that there has been that about Miss Perks's manner for the last few days, which, unwilling as I am to suspect anybody, least of all one who has been on friendly terms with me, I must consider very unsatisfactory."

"Miss Perks!" broke forth Mr. Hallsham, too much taken aback to hide his disappointment, "who the—who on earth is she?"

"The lady's-maid," suggested Mr. Fayrit.

"Oh, ay, the lady's-maid, I remember," assented Mr. Hallsham, recovering himself. "Well, what has she said or done?"

"Sir," replied the housekeeper solemnly, "*she varies in her conversation.*"

Not for worlds would good Mrs. Gaythorn have descended from that pedestal of dignity from which she was accustomed to awe and command the "inferior" domestics who owned her sway; and the careful choice of words and phrases was, she considered, one of the steps by which she mounted to that commanding position. A housemaid or a kitchenmaid might have said that Perks "told a story;" a stable-boy, or perhaps even a more polite footman, might have used a still stronger and coarser phraseology; but Mrs. Gaythorn's ladylike lips could not form themselves to a commoner accusation than "she varies in her conversation."

Mr. Hallsham did not cavil at the form of words; he was thinking how even the lady's-maid's mendacity might work round to that favorite hypothesis which he was bending all his energies to establish; not, as he persuaded himself, for the attainment of any personal glorification, but solely from a high sense of magisterial responsibility, and a laudable desire to vindicate the activity and intelligence of the country, just then so shamefully impugned by a scurrilous and ignorant press.

"Varies in her conversation, does she?" he repeated after Mrs. Gaythorn; "you've caught her tripping, hey?"

Mrs. Gaythorn could not possibly descend to slang, so she ignored the question.

"It was in my room, sir, a few nights ago, that I happened to say—Miss Perks and I being alone—that I hoped and prayed the murderer—whoever he might be—would be brought to justice. She turned first as red as" (Mrs. Gaythorn, looking round for a comparison, saw nothing more opposite than the after-dinner reflection of the claret-cup in Mr. Hallsham's visage, and as it would not have been polite to mention it, she halted in some confusion)—"as red as—as a rose, and then as white as marble, and something dropped from her that sounded like 'God forbid!'—begging your pardon, sir, for repeating such a profane speech. And then, when I asked her what she said, she stammered, and dropped her eyes, all confused, and said that she hardly knew what it was right to wish, for that it was very shocking to think of a fellow-creature being hung, even if he deserved it; and that, as long as no innocent person was accused in his place, she thought it was a mercy he should get away, and have time to repent of his sins. And I said to her that I considered there was a suspicion over the whole household until the guilty person was discovered. She looked wild and frightened, and said did I think so? and then she wished me good-night, and went away quite abruptly. And last night, after supper, the subject was discussed—as you know, sir, it would, naturally, often be, at my table—and Miss Perks began to talk very fast, and to say that she hoped, for the sake of the whole house, that the mystery would be cleared up, and that we should soon know who the guilty party is—exactly the opposite of all she had said before. And then, for another thing, Mr. Jervis, our butler, a most respectable man, has been paying his addresses to Miss Perks, but for the last fortnight or three weeks he has turned quite cold and distant; he has lost his appetite; he is not himself in any way; and last evening, when, as I was telling you, sir, she spoke in such a contrary way, I saw him lift his eyes and look hard at her, whilst he turned all manner of colors; and she, catching his look in the middle of her speech, stopped all confused, and never said another word. And, sir, I am persuaded *there is a secret between those two*," Mrs. Gaythorn solemnly concluded, fixing her eyes intently upon the magistrate's countenance.

That gentleman smiled grimly to himself as he turned over the pages of his note-book.

"Did it never occur to you, Mrs.—Mrs. Merrythorn—"

"*Gay*thorn, sir"—in a very reserved tone.

"Mrs. Gaythorn, did it never occur to you that this secret might not be their own?"

"I don't comprehend you, sir," Mrs. Gaythorn replied, with a puzzled air.

"You see, ma'am," Diogenes proceeded, in his uncompromising way, "this interview has the character of an official investigation, and whatever passes here must, you understand, be held as strictly private. Any gossiping allusion to what has been dropped by me might entirely defeat the ends of justice, and leave the case in hopeless darkness."

"You may depend upon me, sir," Mrs. Gaythorn uttered quietly.

"Then, ma'am, I have, as I said to you before, other information which throws a new light upon this communication of yours, which you were quite right in making—quite right. The lady's-maid and the butler may have quite as strong a regard for the honor of the family as you have, and there may be a secret between them, as you justly observe, which their concern for the family may cause them to endeavor to keep between themselves. Let me see," referring to his book, "this Perks was, I think, the first to give this alarm, and Jervis, the butler, slept on the basement floor within hail of the scene of the occurrence. Um—um" (reading)—"says he heard nothing, slept all night, was not disturbed by any noise. Very extraordinary, considering his proximity to the young lady's apartment—thought so at the time. Well, now, ma'am, does it not strike you that these two are in conjunction to screen a third person, one more closely connected with the family than themselves?"

"Sir, sir," stammered Mrs. Gaythorn, trembling until the folds of her satin gown rustled as she sat, "who—who can you mean?"

"That," replied the magistrate, "must be left to your own discernment, Mrs. Gaythorn. You seem to be a conscientious person, and to have a right and proper sense of your obligations as regards the course of public justice; you have opportunities of observation which may be very valuable, and, following out the hint I have given you—which, as I told you, is a strictly private communication—you may soon be able to bring us important information—information, indeed, which it may imperil yourself to withhold."

But the housekeeper was too much agitated to notice the concluding threat; she still trembled so much that she was glad of the support of Mr. Fayrit's arm to the door of the hired fly which had brought her to Abbeyford. A significance in Mr. Hallsham's manner had sent her back by some mysterious link to that startled expression of Olive's.

Mrs. Gaythorn did not see the connection; she was afraid to look for it lest she *might* see it, and she drove away in a terrified bewilderment from which she was afraid to escape lest it might be into a more frightful certainty.

Next morning Mr. Hallsham ordered his horse directly after breakfast, and rode over to Hazelrigge. He found Lady Arthur with bright, restless eyes and thin, worn cheeks painted over with the hectic whose fatal beauty adds another sigh to the pitifulness of decay. Another man than Diogenes Hallsham would have been tender of her evident frailness—would, at least, have broken to her gently the startling errand on which he had come to her, but there was no such mercy in his nature, and he had to reap the reward of his own inconsiderateness. Lady Arthur's incipient dislike of Olive sprang forth to meet the accusation, terrible as it was, and there straightway ensued a rampant fever of excitement which defied all the caution Mr. Hallsham strove to enjoin, and rendered the lady so generally impracticable that the bachelor magistrate, helpless in his utter ignorance of soothing or softening measures, was driven quite to the end of his patience and to nearly that of his wits. It must be confessed that his official experience of *the* sex had not been particularly felicitous.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, rubbing his hair the wrong way in his despair at her ladyship's loud ravings, "what impossible cattle these women are! How on earth is a man to carry any business through with such creatures? First there was that obstinate scared idiot of a girl, then the long-winded formal humbug of a housekeeper, and now this mad-woman is going to ruin all my labor over this case, just as I have brought it to the most promising point. Madam—Lady Arthur," he remonstrated.

But the torrent of my lady's speech was not to be stemmed by any such feeble interruption.

"A little wild Eastern creature!" she denounced, "there was always a tiger ready to spring out in those great dark eyes of hers. I hate black eyes" (Lady Arthur's were of a cerulean blue;) "there is always a temper in them. And I have watched her, the demure, quiet hypocrite! She cared too much for Gerald to love Claris—poor beautiful Claris—she was *jealous*—"

"Motive!" noted Mr. Hallsham, triumphantly; "that is exactly what I wanted." Link by link the chain of evidence was forming itself—in Mr. Hallsham's pocket-book.

"At one time," Lady Arthur stormed on, "I was half afraid her artful ways were entangling my son, but Claris came, and her beauty turned the scale. Miss Olive faded and pined all the summer, and then came this affair of the colonel, and I was in hopes it would all have been settled before Gerald came back. But she was waiting her opportunity. I see it all now, the wicked, abominable creature!" and so on, sometimes in language too exaggerated for repetition, in the midst of which Mr. Hallsham took his leave, after impressing upon Lady Arthur's mind—as well as it was capable of any impression—that the greatest caution and circumspection were absolutely essential to the development of this most "promising case."

And so Lady Arthur spent the rest of her whirlwind of passion upon poor Hilda's devoted head. That young lady received her aunt's violent denunciations and confident assertions with contemptuous incredulity, tore Mr. Hallsham's proofs and surmises into rags and tatters, scattered them to the winds, and laughed the whole thing to scorn. All this when her ladyship, utterly exhausted by her own excitement, lay panting and *hors de combat*, on her sofa.

"That old quiz Hallsham!" Hilda cried. "Fancy his trying to make himself of consequence by getting up such an outrageous absurdity! Well, they say that in everything in life, even the most solemn, the comic element must exist more or less, so I suppose we may consider Mr. Hallsham as supplying the necessary ingredient of ridicule without which this dreadful affair would not be complete. Let us be thankful that he did not choose either you or me to demonstrate his folly upon."

And summoning Lady Arthur's maid to the side of that prostrate antagonist, Hilda retired victorious to her own apartment.

Once there, however, the triumph of victory faded from her face, and she looked grave and serious enough.

"It's of no use to say it is impossible," she said to herself, as she sat down before the open window; "the disappearance itself is impossible, improbable, and utterly inexplicable. And there is all that motive—horrible as it is to think of it. One hears of such things; there was that poor little child least year murdered by some one probably very near to it and in the same house; and there are these new theories of insanity which make one absolutely doubtful at times of one's self. And then there is the Eastern blood, which might have asserted itself suddenly, one can't tell." And Hilda leaned her head against the window-frame, and, looking out, mused painfully enough in spite of the light, scornful, confident way in which she had routed Mr. Hallsham's theories.

How the suspicion oozed out—carefully though Mr. Hallsham tried to cover his advance—nobody knew, but it was not long in being whispered about. Only whispered as yet, and that so cautiously that it scarcely ruffled the even surface of every-day life into which the lately-convulsed neighborhood was fast settling back again. The reward of £200 did, indeed, stimulate the police and others to periodical and spasmodic efforts which ended in nothing, and the great mystery which had roused the country was fast subsiding into the proverbial nine days' wonder, and sinking down into darkness among those other mysteries which may never be solved for many long years—perhaps not on this side of eternity.

At the Hall the servants kept together in spite of their disinclination to live in a house where a murder had been committed, because they judged rightly that to leave now would expose any one of them to suspicion, whilst Mr. Fayrit, who had taken up his quarters in Chadleigh, went and came among them in a stealthy, cat-like manner which had its effect in adding to the unwholesome prestige of the establishment.

The "county," so sympathetic at first, held aloof now: that terrible whisper was circulating among them, and each member was willing to wait and see what the other was going to do before committing himself or herself to demonstrations which might be so very inconvenient hereafter. Poor Clary, pale and unnerved by the trying scenes she had gone through, had at last yielded to the necessity of change of scene, and had gone back again to St. Andrew's Parsonage.

Miss Ursula, closely occupied in trying to ward off the nervous fever into which Olive seemed to be sinking, saw in the troubled face which Mr. Julius daily brought before her, nothing of the darker shadow which was looming around her. Sometimes, when he had resolved that it would be best to warn and prepare her for the new mine of trouble which might some day be sprung beneath her feet, she would meet him with such perfect unconsciousness; moreover, with such a sad, sweet effort at resignation under the trouble that was already almost too heavy, that he had not the courage to add to her burden, but would turn away, and content himself with fighting the deadly whisper wherever he met with it, so that those whom it most concerned remained still ignorant of it.

Miss Hetty would probably have, long ago, blundered it out—poor Miss Hetty, who could do nothing *but* blunder!—but she lay in her bed helpless from an access of rheumatic fever, caught of the evening damps among her flower-beds; patient enough in the crisis of her painful malady, very impatient when she thought of the trouble of her friends up at the Hall, and of that "poor maligned sweet girl," for whom she could do nothing but send her confidential maid, Dinah, with a bottle of most precious red lavender—made from a recipe handed down in the family from that Margaret Armytage who had married the first Harvey Bushe—with an injunction "to take six drops on a lump of white sugar twice a day *at least*, and be sure to tell her," added the good soul, "that her ancestress and mine adds to the recipe (in her own handwriting) that it is 'an excellent cordial, and a sovereign remedy against low spirits.'"

Perhaps it was because Olive's spirits had sunk to that lowest depth which is beyond the reach of even red lavender, or that the skill of that excellent housewife, Margaret Armytage, had not descended with her recipe to good Miss Hetty; for on the evening of the fourth day after she had received it, Olive was lying on her couch as white and nerveless as if she had not possessed that infallible restorative. The door opened, and Miss Ursula came in. She sat down by Olive's side, with her back to the light, lest she should show that in her face which she must by all means hide. Olive turned wearily towards her.

"Is Lady Arthur so very ill?" she asked.

"She is worse than usual, but there are no alarming symptoms. Olive, I am thinking that, if you are able and willing, we will go away from here for a time to some quiet seaside place—wherever you like—where you can get well sooner. What do you say?"

"Oh, yes," she cried, rising suddenly and clasping her aunt in a convulsive embrace; "take me away, Aunt Ursula; I have so longed to get away, you cannot tell how I have longed! I have felt as if I must die if I stay. Let us go before—before—he comes."

"We will go to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, to-morrow. I will give the orders." She wrapped her shawl about her and moved to the door with feverish impatience—this plan had done more for her, already, than poor Miss Hetty's red lavender!

Miss Ursula sat still with her folded hands dropped listlessly in her lap. That steadfast courage to which she had held on so long was failing her for the moment, for Lady Arthur, with no gentle breath, had breathed that whisper in her ear. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Large Eyes.

Large eyes have always been admired, especially in women, and may be considered essential to the highest order of beauty, in almost every description of which, from Helen of Troy to any modern heroine, they hold a prominent place. We read of "large, spiritual eyes," and "eyes loving large," and "little, sparkling, beady eyes," to which the epithets "spiritual" and "loving" are never applied.

An Arab expresses his idea of the beauty of a woman by saying that she has the eye of a gazelle. This is the burden of his song. The timidity, gentleness and innocent fear in the eye of the "deer" tribe are compared with the modesty of a young girl: "Let her be as the loving hind and the pleasant roe."

Persons with large eyes give us the impression of being "wide awake" and ready for action; while small-eyed people have more generally a "sleepy look" and a sluggish temperament or habit of body. Dr. Redfield observes that "persons with large eyes have very lively emotions, think very rapidly and speak fast, unless there be a phlegmatic temperament. Of persons with small eyes the reverse is true. The former are quick and spontaneous in their feelings and in the expression of them, and are, therefore, simple, like the Scotch Swiss, and all who inhabit mountainous regions. The latter are slow and calculating, and therefore artful, like the gipsies, a people who generally inhabit level countries. There is a connection between activity and the ascending and descending acclivities, a fact which we evince in running up and down stairs, and which an active horse exhibits when he comes to a hill; and hence the Scotch Highlanders, as well as the sheep, goat, chamois, etc., have very large eyes and very great activity.

RAINY WEATHER AND MORTALITY.—Notwithstanding that rainy weather causes colds and coughs, and even fever, it has lately been noticed, through combined meteorological observations and medical statistics, that rainy years are not so injurious to health as is commonly supposed. Heavy rains undoubtedly wash away many causes of contagious diseases. Experiments in Liverpool, extending over a great many years, have proved that the heavier the rains in summer the less children die of diarrhœa. In Calcutta the cholera always diminishes in the rainy season there. In the low countries of Holland and Northern Germany, where fever and ague is endemic, the number of patients suffering from this disease is very great in dry summers and small in rainy seasons. Mr. Rowles has kept tables from 1848 to 1866 that appear to prove that in years when more rain falls than usual the mortality is less than usual, and vice versa. In all this there is a hint given directly by nature about the necessity of using plenty of water to keep everything clean and wholesome.

☞ The dancing master of the Prince Imperial, who received the privilege of the cloak, cane and umbrella room at the Paris Exhibition, has sold his right to the profits of this apartment for $25,000 in gold.

The Original Bluebeard.

For more than a century and a half, Bluebeard has been a favorite melodramatic hero: favorite, that is, with those who wish to find a tyrant as a foil to some ill-used damsel or heroine; and the more savage he is, the more intense is the interest felt in the story—by the boys and girls, if not by "children of larger growth." In this, as in some other histories, the more thoughtful readers occasionally ask—Is it true? There certainly was no real lady to say: "Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" but nevertheless Mezeray, and other French writers, tell us of a man who really suggested to Perrault the idea for the story of Bluebeard.

Giles de Laval, Seigneur de Retz, better known in French history as Marshal de Retz, was born in or about the year 1396. Losing his father in 1416, Giles entered the service of his sovereign-prince, the Duc de Bretagne; and his name is found mentioned in connection with events in 1420 and 1425. He next entered the service of the French King, Charles VII., and was actively engaged in the defensive war maintained by that monarch against the English; distinguished himself in many engagements. In 1529, he was one of the Captains under the celebrated Joan of Arc; and aided her in bringing provisions into Orleans. We then hear of Giles, and his brother Rene, accompanying the king to Rheims; and it is supposed that Giles was on this occasion created Marshal of France, in recognition of his military merits. It was he who carried the holy *ampoule*, at the consecration of the King, from the abbey of St. Remi to the cathedral. He appears also at this time to have been counsellor and chamberlain to the King. Again we hear of him commanding troops against the English in 1430 and 1432, in which this last named year his martial services appeared to have terminated.

Now, there is nothing whatever in this career to denote a cruel or depraved taste; on the contrary, Giles de Laval presents himself to us as the Marshal de Retz, a man of high birth, successful as a military commander, and in high favor at the court of the King of France. Yet the French annals tell us that this man, at the age of thirty-seven, commenced the abominable course of life which has brought infamy upon his name. When twenty years of age he had inherited large estates from his father; at twenty-four, he had married Catherine de Thouars, who brought him still larger property; and when his maternal grandfather, Jean de Craon, died in 1432, another set of estates fell to him: insomuch that Giles became the richest subject in France. This immense fortune was the grand cause of his ruin. He plunged into a course of profligacy and debauchery which diminished his wealth rapidly; and he sold one estate after another to defray his lavish expenses. He maintained a guard of honor of two hundred horsemen; and his suite of fifty persons, comprised chaplains, choristers, musicians, pages, and *serviteurs*; most of whom were made ministers or accomplices in his acts of libertinism. Yet, withal, he affected great pomp and magnificence in religious ceremonies. His chapel was hung with cloth of gold and silk; the sacred vessels were of gold, and enriched with precious stones. His chaplains, habited in scarlet robes adorned with fur, bore the titles of dean, chanter, archdeacon, and bishop; and he even sent a deputy to the Pope, to ask permission for a cross to be carried before him! These, and other extravagances, made such inroads on his wealth that he began to dispose of his estates one after another. His family, alarmed at his prodigal waste of means, in which they all had an interest, obtained a decree from the parliament of Paris, forbidding him to make any further alienations of his property.

Even at this stage we do not recognize in Giles de Retz what the world would call a monster; we see in him only a profligate spendthrift, who joined licentiousness with religious observances in a way not at all unusual in the middle ages. But the worst was approaching. Craving for wealth to supply his extravagance, he had recourse to alchemy. Failing, then, to discover the grand art of transmuting base metals into gold, he next turned his attention to magic or sorcery, under the guidance of an Englishman, named Messire Jean, and an Italian, named Francisco Prelati. He is reported to have made a compact with Satan, offering to give, in return for boundless wealth, everything except his own life and soul: as regarded the lives and souls of others he felt no scruple. It was at this time, according to the accounts which have descended to us, that he began to immolate children—even while fulfilling his religious duties in his chapel with careful precision. The poor little creatures, made the victims of his iniquity in various ways, were finally put to death, and their blood and hearts used as charms in diabolical rites. His myrmidons inveigled boys and girls from the neighboring villages into his castle, and they were never afterwards seen. Other agents of his, during his tours from one to another of his castles in Bretagne, were wont to persuade poor peasants, who had beautiful children, to intrust them to the care of the marshal, who promised to attend to their advancement in life. The children were never again seen; and when exterior were made in consequence, the accomplices in De Retz's iniquities sought to stifle them by threats or bribery. This continued so long, and the number of children who disappeared became so large, that the matter came under the notice and interference of the authorities. In 1440 the Marshal was arrested, together with two of his men, Henri and Etienne Corillant. Confronted with his two accomplices, Giles at first denied all knowledge of them; but a threat of the torture having alarmed him, he made what is called a "clean breast of it" by revealing everything. The judges were frozen with horror at the obscene and atrocious recital which he made. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of the horrible transactions; and a biographer of the Marshal, in the *Biographie Universelle*, states that manuscript reports of the trial (which lasted a month) exist in the *Bibliothque Imperiale* at Paris, and also among the archives of the chateau at Nantes. What the wretched young victims (who varied from eight to eighteen years of age) were made to endure before being put to death, cannot be described here. During a period of at least eight years, and at his several castles of Machecoul, Chantoce, and Tiffanges, as well as in his mansions at Nantes and Sezs, were these atrocities carried on. In most cases he burned the bodies; but sufficient remains were found to indicate forty-six victims at Chantoce and at Machecoul. Giles did not boast of his atrocities; he confessed them, and publicly asked pardon of the parents of the murdered innocents. Condemned to be strangled, he exhibited once more a characteristic of his strange nature, by begging that the Bishop of Nantes would head the procession which was formed on this occasion. His execution took place in 1440, about or a little before Christmas day—some say December 22.

Probably on account of some personal peculiarity, Giles de Laval became remembered as *Barbleue*, whence our Bluebeard. It seems to have speedily become a name of terror; for Hollnshed, speaking of the committal of the Duke of Suffolk to the Tower, in the reign of Henry VI., says: "This doing so much pleased the people, that if politic provision had not been made, great mischief had immediately ensued. For the commons, in sundry places of the realm, assembled together in great companies, and choose to them a captain, whom they called Bluebeard; but ere they had attempted any enterprise, their leaders were apprehended, so that the matter was pacified without any hurt committed."

As to the children's Bluebeard, it was written by Perrault in the time of Louis XIV., and has been translated from the French into nearly all the languages of Europe. This Bluebeard's propensity is not to kill children, but to marry wife after wife in succession, kill them, and deposit them in the fatal closet which curiosity would not leave untouched. We all know how another victim was saved, and how Bluebeard met his death.

The American Hotel Clerk.

A correspondent of a California paper touches off some of our hotel clerks in this good-natured vein:

"I tell you a hotel clerk is the embodiment and concentration of dignity. If their wealth is to be judged by their dignity, they must each be possessed of several millions apiece. Perhaps you are not aware what I am driving at. Just go and ask one of these lodging-room potentates of the whereabouts of some friend of yours who may be an inmate of the house. Providing you are a Major-General or a Congressman you may receive a satisfactory answer. If you are a Brigadier, you may get a vague one. If a Colonel, it may be necessary to wait three or four minutes. If a Captain or a Lieutenant, six or seven. If a mere civilian—but words fail to convey an idea of the manner in which civilians are crushed and subjugated when they propound their modest inquiries. Not that they are rude. O, no! But there is a majesty, a loftiness, an exaltation, a consciousness of power in the words, looks and gestures which reduces the inquirer in his own estimation to the last verge of inferiority.

"Christians who are always strong to humble and abase themselves, whose besetting sin is pride, just come down here and take a dose or two of hotel clerk. Whenever I feel that I need being taken down a peg or two, that I am riding too high a quadruped, I have a never-failing remedy. I merely step into one of our first-class hotels and ask, 'Is Mr. Smith stopping here?' and the great man, after the necessary delay, lifts his eyes, and I feel that I am a worm, and when he speaks, I deem myself a Chinaman."

Brains—Man's and Monkey's.

Until lately it was supposed that the relative weight of the brain, as compared with the body, was greater in man than in any other of the lower animals; but alas for poor human nature, it is now known that some of the smaller South American monkeys have, proportionately a larger share of brain than our noble selves. On the other hand, however, man carries (absolutely) more weight in his cranium than any other breathing creature except the elephant and whale.

As a rule, the human brain increases in gravity—specific gravity we mean, of course—up to the twentieth or twenty-first year, and from the "age of discretion" till the fortieth year usually remains in statu quo. After forty the organs, in most cases, begin to grow less. It continues to decrease in volume more rapidly as we grow older, and in those who are unhappy enough to reach the seventh stage of "second childishness and mere oblivion," there is nothing of it left worth mentioning. As a proof that the weight of the encephalic mass determines to a considerable extent the amount of intellectual power, it may be stated that when the former is less than thirty-two ounces—forty-nine ounces for the male and forty-four for the female brain is the average—idiocy or partial imbecility invariably accompanies the defect. The heaviest brain on record is that of Cuvier, the great naturalist, which pulled down nearly sixty-four ounces.

GREAT LEAPING.—There was on the field with the Fife fox-hounds, the other day, a noble steed belonging to Clark, of Wormistan, which gained renown for itself immensely beyond any of its fellows. This animal accomplished, in close succession, some leaps which certainly deserve to be placed on record. At two different places on Troustrie, this horse cleared a four and a half feet stone dyke, with a rail on the top of it, making a leap, in the one instance of sixteen, and in the other of sixteen and a half feet. Between Barnamuir and Kirkmay, a deep gutter of about twelve feet in breadth, with a dyke two or three feet in height on the opposite side, and rather on a rising ground, was cleared—the horse making a leap of twenty-one feet.

A CROWN OF THORNS.—"Who wouldn't wear a crown?" asks the editor of the Boston Post, and by way of enforcing his question, he refers to the wretched condition of many of the rulers of the earth. Napoleon has a painful disease; Victor Emmanuel a paralyzed right arm; Bismark is constantly ill; Maximilian is almost a fugitive; his Empress, Carlotta is insane; the Queen of Spain daily contemplates dethronement; the King of Hanover is kingdomless; his Queen and the Emperor of Austria are said both to have had their hair turned gray by trouble within a week's time; the Pope weeps day and night, and Victoria is the victim of a confirmed melancholy. Who would wear a crown?

A NEW STYLE OF CHARACTER.—An exchange says: "A man in Frankfort, Ky., had the curiosity, a few days ago, to witness the settlement of accounts by several sheriffs from the wolf-scalp counties of Kentucky, and he says not a dollar did they pay into the treasury. All their revenue was liquidated with wolf-scalps."

☞ The effect of advertising in the Vicksburg *Times* is thus illustrated: "A lady advertised in the *Times* last week for a stray cow, and the cow came home next day, pawed down the cow-pen fence, bellowed till the milkmaid came, and then kept off her own calf."

Spanish Women.

The women, perhaps, are the best portion of the nation; not highly educated or intelligent, for in this respect they are yet very far behind the other European nations, but perfectly free from all imperfection, of most frank and agreeable manners, warm, affectionate friends, generous; not, we are sorry to add, "truthful, or full of integrity," but charitable, and, to a certain extent, humane. Their beauty and grace have been very much overrated. The handsomest women are to be found on the shores of the Mediterranean and in Andalusia; the Castilian women are, generally, plain; their complexions are bad, and very soon become yellow and dry, to which, perhaps, nothing tends so much as their inordinate use of powder and paint. Much has been said, also, about the grace of their walk. In Andalusia one sees not seldom the graceful, easy swing peculiar to warm climates; but, as a rule, we are afraid it has died out, if, indeed, it ever existed as a national peculiarity; and the Madrid women, more particularly, walk abominably. Perhaps this may be caused by the fashion now in vogue for wearing high-pointed heels; placed as they are almost in the real centre of the boot, the foot is in a contracted and unnatural position, and all elasticity of tread must be destroyed.

As we believe their beauty and grace to have been very much overrated, so we believe their morality has been very much underrated. In spite of the bad example of a court which has earned for itself an unhappy pre-eminence among the nations of Europe, the Spanish women are, we believe, much more chaste than they generally get credit for, and instances of unfaithfulness in married life are more rare than is generally supposed by foreigners. They are capable of the warmest and most devoted attachment to their husbands and family; and where this is the case, it is needless to say gallantry cannot find room.

☞ A beautiful and accomplished young lady of one of the wealthiest families of Louisville has recently pined away to a mere shadow, without any perceptible cause. Her friends were sorely perplexed to learn the cause, but all to no avail. Last week the mystery was solved. The girl was discovered to be a sleep-walker, getting up in her night clothes every night and visiting an arbor attached to her residence, where she spent, in dreamy silence, several hours, and would then return to the parental roof. Of course she would be unconscious next day of her walk and rigid airing of the night previous.

☞ A lunatic from Knightstown, recently went into an Indianapolis drygoods establishment, purchased a small bill of goods, and drew a check for $100,000, which he tendered in payment, with a modest request that they would pay him the balance in cash. He signed his name to the check, "C. C. Thorpe, Cashier," and when asked what bank he was cashier of, he replied, "All of 'em."

"The Hair, Scalp and Face."

DR. B. C. PERRY,

Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 522 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; moles, worms and warts permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.

No charge for consultations—personally or by letter. dec22-3m

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—What diseases are more painful than piles and fistules, and where, says the sufferer, can any cure be found? We answer, there is a sure remedy that never fails; it is Holloway's Ointment, sustained by the testimony of thousands. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Rx Yr PIMPLED, Blotched and Ulcerated victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it. jan19-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull; about 4000 bbls sold to the retailers and bakers; superfine at from $6@6,75; extra at $7@10,50; common and fancy Northwest extra family at $11,50@13,50; Penna and Ohio family at $12@14,50, and fancy brands at from $15@17 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour; 200 bbls sold in lots at $7,75 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce and in good demand. We quote Penna red at $2,75@3,10; Southern red at $3,10@3,20; and white at $3,20@3,40. The last sale of Penna Rye was at $1,37½. Corn; sales of 4000 bus new yellow at 97@99c for Penna and Southern. Oats; sales of 3000 bus at 65@66c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at $21 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork, 14@17c ₩ lb for plain and fancy Bacon Hams; 12@12½c ₩ lb for pickled do, 8½@9c for salt Shoulders; and 12@13½c ₩ lb for prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Dressed Hogs are selling at $8 ₩ 100 lbs. Mess Beef sells in lots at $16@20 for Western, and $21@24 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are held at $31@34 ₩ bbl. Cheese is selling at 16@17c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 32@40c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 1200 bales of middlings sold at 34@35c for Uplands, and 35@36c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—The last sale of 1st No 1 Quercitron was at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull. Cargo sales are reported at $5@5,25 for White Ash, and $5,25@5,50 ₩ ton for Red Ash as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 60@65c, and choice at 67½c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $4@7 ₩ bbl, and Dried Apples at 8½@10c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpared quarters at 13@15c, halves at 16@19c, and pared at from 31@35c ₩ lb.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 65@70c, and fair to good at 45@60c ₩ lb.

PLASTER—We quote soft at $4,50 per ton.

SEEDS—600 bus Clover sold at $7,75@8,75. Timothy—300 bus sold at $3,75@4. Flaxseed—700 bus sold at $2,90@3 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—New England Rum sells at $2,70@2,75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 11@11½c for city rendered, and 10½@10¾c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull. 60,000 lbs sold in lots at 62@65c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 55@57c for fine; 50@52c for medium; 43@45c for coarse; 45@48c for tub-washed; 40@45c for extra western pulled, and 30@33c ₩ lb for No. 1 western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 15½@17 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 6@7 cts ₩ lb. 7000 Hogs sold at from $8,50@9,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 27, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 6th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 936 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 106 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. sep22-eow19t

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE

GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND

is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a

GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

Derives much of its popularity from the simplicity attending its use, which gives it a peculiar value in a family. The various diseases which may be reached by it, and in their incipient stages eradicated, are among those which are peculiarly fatal if suffered to run; but the curative magic of this preparation at once disarms them of their terrors. In all respects it fulfills the conditions of a popular medicine. jan19-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. CHARLES R. LINK to Miss MARY L. KEYSER, both of this city.

On the 3d of Dec., by the Rev. Richard Newton, THOMAS H. GIBSON, of Baltimore, Md., to Mrs. WILHELMINA DIXON, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. GEORGE T. KIMBLE to Miss SARAH M. BARNS, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. P. Coombes, Mr. JOHN C. BARR to Miss SARAH L. DENNIS, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, at Lancaster, Pa., by the Rev. W. Powell, J. GRIFFITH FRANKLIN, of this city, to JENNIE M. LOWRY, of Lancaster.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. P. L. Davis, Mr. AARON M. SMITH to Mrs. LYDIA A. GALE, both of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, CLOSSON KELLY, in his 57th year.

On the 16th instant, THOMAS ALLEN, in his 61st year.

On the 14th instant, THOMAS TYSON, in his 24th year.

On the 13th instant, Miss CATHARINE HEMPLE, aged 72 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. DANIEL MOORE, in his 62d year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM HOLLOCK, aged 31 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Edmund Morgan, in her 63d year.

On the 11th instant, Capt. JOHN DUNCAN, in his 74th year.

On the 11th instant, ADALINE S. HAINEY, in her 53d year.

On the 11th instant, CHARLES BERRY, Sr., in his 84th year.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 800 *times, mailed for* 25 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

$50 PER DAY MADE WITH EASE.—Male and female agents wanted to sell the most desirable article ever invented. Just patented. Can be sold readily for $5. Sample sent free for 25 cents. DALY & CO., 480 Broadway, New York. County rights for sale. jan26-2t

A HEAVY BEARD

is five weeks is warranted those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. It will not injure the skin and *never fails*. Sent, closely sealed, and post-paid, for 50 cents. W. C. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jan19-3m

HOW TO MASTER THE WHOLE ART of VENTRILOQUISM by a few hours practice; also, Harry's Great Horse Taming Secret! ALL THE ABOVE sent free, by mail, for 25 cents. Address M. M. SANBORN, Lincoln, Mason Co., Mich.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

DOTY'S CLOTHES WASHER,

AND THE

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER.

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER, with cog-wheels, has taken the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair of all the Northern States; also the First Premium at the last two Fairs of the American Institute; AND HAS JUST BEEN AWARDED THE FIRST PREMIUM BY THE UNANIMOUS VOTE OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND FAIR OF 1866, AFTER THE MOST SCRUTINIZING TRIAL OF THE VARIOUS MACHINES OF NUMEROUS COMPETITORS.

The Wringer, without injury to the most delicate garments, wrings clothes almost dry and never gets tired.

ORANGE JUDD, says: "It is a *clothes saver*, a *time saver* and a *strength-saver*. We think the machine more than pays for itself every year in the saving of garments. We think the Wringer should be fitted with cogs."

SOLON ROBINSON says: "My family would as soon give up the cooking stove as *this* Clothes Wringer. It cannot be too highly recommended."

The REV. DR. BELLOWS says: "I heartily commend it to economists of time, money and contentment."

From R. S. STORRS, Jr., D. D.

It saves labor, expedites work, makes the laundress good natured, does not tear off buttons—whatever that mysterious declaration may mean!—and is indispensable in a well-regulated family.

From the Rev. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Life is too short and human strength too precious for our women-kind to be kept at the old process of clothes washing and wringing. In the laundry of my house there is perpetual thanksgivings on Mondays for the invention of your excellent Wringer. I wish human hearts could be cleansed as easily

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE has again been awarded the FIRST PREMIUM AT THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND FAIR OF 1866. ALSO AT THE STATE FAIRS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, NEW YORK, MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN, MINNESOTA, IOWA, &c., AND TOOK THE FIRST PREMIUM (THE SILVER MEDAL) AT THE LAST FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

These are the cheapest and best machines for washing and wringing clothes. The Washer, using *boiling* hot suds, saves three-fourths the labor and time; takes out all the dirt; no sore hands; no foted air; no injury to the clothes.

SOLON ROBINSON says: "I assure you 'our machine,' after a year's use, is thought more of to-day than ever, and would not be parted with under any consideration."

MR. ORANGE JUDD, Editor of The American Agriculturist, says: "Our better-half says this is taken to most kindly by the 'help,' and that she cannot persuade them to use any other while this is at hand."

Prof. YOUMANS, M. D., says: "Our family is not small, but a smart girl, 11 years old, did the washing last week in about four hours, and that, too, more as a frolic than a task."

Bishop SCOTT, of the M. E. Church, Odessa, Del., says: "I took hold (which, of course, I should not have done if we had no machine), and in 2½ hours we put through eleven dozen pieces, many of which were sheets, and they were well done, too. We like our machine much; could not be persuaded to do without it."

WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF IT.

The rich might do without these machines, but the *poor*, who must value time, labor and the saving of clothes, have to look on them as household necessities.—*Working Farmer.*

It is worth $1 per week in any family.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Growing in favor the more it is used. We like it.—*Prairie Farmer, Chicago.*

It really merits all the good that can be said of it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Easily worked, and does its work well.—*Ohio Farmer.*

After a fair trial we give it the preference over all others.—*Iowa Homestead.*

It is the very best machine for washing clothes we ever saw.—*New Haven Journal and Courier.*

Exclusive right of sale given the first responsible applicant from each town.

Illustrated circulars, giving wholesale and retail terms, sent free.

On receipt of the price from places where no one is selling, we will send one Washer and one Wringer, either or both, free of freight charges. Family size Washer, $14; Wringers, $10, and $8,50.

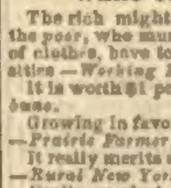
R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
No. 32 Courtland St., New York,
(Opposite Merchants' Hotel.

FOR PIANO FORTE INSTRUCTION

There is no Book Equal to it

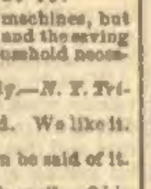
is the remark of every one who has had any experience with Richardson's New Method, the most popular, thorough and attractive volume of Studies, Examples and Exercises ever published. Price $3.75 Sent, post-free Sold by all Music Dealers

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.



Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB,
oct27-3m Parkman, Ohio.

MENDENHALL'S

Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

FARMERS,

Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
323 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oct20-tf

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

VALENTINES.

Send for the Puzzle Valentines.

20 PUZZLE VALENTINES, ALL A RIDDLE without the key, mailed to any part of the country for 30 cents, with the key to explain them. Greatly improved since last year. Also, Comic and Sentimental Valentines mailed or expressed. I. A. FITTMAN, Publisher, 8 West Third St., Cincinnati. jan12-4t

PALMER'S PATENT. 10.000 IN USE. 1865

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ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. | 19 GREEN ST., BOSTON.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

B. FRANK. PALMER. LL.D. PRES'T A. A. LIMB. Co.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

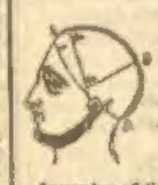
All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y



R. DOLLARD,
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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-ow1y

MONEY RETURNED

In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY" its effects are unsatisfactory. $5 a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by F. C. GODFREY only. nov3-3m No. 3 Union Square, N. Y.

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 3068, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec6-10t

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

A PENNSYLVANIA

AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

On the second Saturday of January, 1867, the undersigned will commence the publication of a new weekly journal, entitled the

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

It will be printed in quarto form, eight pages, on fine paper, and new type, and will be illustrated with

Engravings of Live Stock, Fruit, Farm Buildings, Agricultural Implements, &c.

☞ A corps of practical and well-known Agricultural writers will contribute regularly to its columns. The Market Reports will be full and reliable.

A LITERARY DEPARTMENT,

to instruct and amuse the farmer's better-half and his sons and daughters, will make the "FARM AND FIRESIDE" a welcome visitor to every log-cabin of Pennsylvania or the United States.

No expense or pains will be spared to make a journal worthy the patronage of an intelligent public. It will advocate the best interests of a rural life.

TERMS:—$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. No subscriptions received for less than one year. *Specimen number sent free.* For sale by all Newsmen.

All letters, Remittances, &c., should be addressed to S. S. FOSS, Publisher, Jan19-2t 409 Prune Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 628 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$50
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10.00	A.M. & 11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20	A.M. & 7.15	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.20 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-3m No. 137 Dock Street.

$30,000.

FOR A FORTUNE, AND NO DECEPTION.

Address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass. jan19-13t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Cases for Accident Insurance Companies

Everybody should get insured against accidents. No matter if you belong to one of the "best of families"—accidents will happen to them.

Get a policy. The old proverb says "Honesty is the best policy," but that was before Accident Insurance Companies started. Now the best policy is a policy in the "Breakneck."

The other day a man in Chicago fell out of a fourth story window. He had no insurance, and consequently was killed. Another man on the same day *fell out* with his wife. He was insured in the "Breakneck," and is ready to fall out again.

A woman driving a spirited horse in St. Louis, was run away with. Being insured against accidents, she wasn't alarmed a bit, stopped the horse, and came back safe. Her policy running out, she neglected to renew it. Shortly after she was run away with again. Her husband's partner ran away with her this time, and she hasn't come back yet. Don't fail to renew your policy, particularly if it is in the "Breakneck."

At Dubuque, Iowa, a man was kicked by a horse. The horse wasn't insured, and got kicked back.

Near Paris, Ky., a man, while engaged in running a circular saw, had his arms taken off. They consisted of a cavalry sabre and a double barreled shot gun. The man who carried them off had an accident insurance—and he hasn't been caught yet.

In Utica, N. Y., a man accidentally got married. Being insured in the "Breakneck," he will receive $15 a week until he recovers.

Near Portland, Maine, a poor man fell from a loft and broke his neck. He received his insurance, $3,000, from the "Breakneck," with which he was enabled to set himself up in business, and is now doing well.

Our agent at Cleveland, O., writes: "A lumber horse ran away with a bobtailed wagon, and tipped the street over into a small woman and six elderly children. The horse began to cry and the wagon bled freely at the nose, but otherwise the street is doing well. No insurance.

A boiler exploded at Memphis, blowing the engineer into the air quite out of sight. He will receive $15 a day until he comes down again.

A hog drover in Mount Sterling, Ky., was very much hurt by a fall—fall in pork. No insurance.

A man ran away from Litchfield, Ill., to avoid paying his debts. He left a family (not being able to take them with him). No insurance.

A man accidentally fell from a steamer at New Orleans, into the river. As he was sinking the third time he suddenly recollected that his policy in the "Breakneck" had expired. He then swam ashore, sought out the agent and renewed his policy, and immediately returned to the river and sank the third time in a serene and tranquil manner.

Fortune Telling.

One of our exchanges is responsible for the following story relative to this popular and pernicious vice:—

Not many evenings since it is recorded that a sinner who has escaped hanging for, lo! these many years, was in company with several ladies. The subject of fortune telling was introduced. Several of the "angels" pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment of having written to Madam This and Madam That to furnish them leaves in their future history. Instances were mentioned of some very remarkable developments in a certain case hereabouts.

Old R—— was asked for his opinion. He replied: "So far as I am personally concerned, I know more about myself than I wish to. I don't think any good comes of those things. I had a friend who dressed himself in lady's clothes and called upon a celebrated prophetess. He did not believe she would discover the disguise, but he heard what made him exceedingly unhappy." Here the old reprobate ceased. A lady much interested asked, "What did she tell him?" "She told him he was to marry soon, and become the *mother of ten children!*"

Selecting Fowls.

The famous Platt Evans, of Cincinnati, had an original mode of selecting fowls, which did him good service on one occasion. Going to market one morning, Platt's attention was caught by a pile of dressed geese, in a market wagon. Now, Platt was very fond of geese, but liked them tender. He had been deceived in his selections, and resolved not to be fooled again. Approaching the farmer, Platt asked the "p-rice of your geese"—for Platt stammered a little, the farmer replied, when quoth Platt: "I see you've g-ot just a d-dozen. I k-keep b-b-boarders, and they are the blamedest eaters you ever saw. Are these geese t-t-tough? I want some t-tough ones to feed my b-b-boarders." The farmer said there were several young and tender ones in the lot. "W-w-well," said Platt, "y-y-you pick out the t-tough ones and lay them in a p-p-pile." The farmer obliged him, placing all the tough together, when Platt suddenly remarked, "I-I'll t-t-t-take these three," seizing the three young and tender fowls which had been so carefully culled by the farmer.

Things Unknown.

Show us the young woman whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

Where is the identical nose of the bellows that ever smelt a rat?

Where is the person that was ever felt for by the heart of an oak?

Was any barber ever applied to to shave the beard of an oyster?

What vocalist can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn?

Who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton? [We know of many who have been pushed for one.]

The individual who was ever seen by the eye of a potato has not been visible.

Was there ever an individual unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of any river?

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers?

BRIMSTONE.—A Bible class were asked to name the precious stones named in the Bible. After several scholars had given answers, one little fellow was called out: "Well, Thomas, what precious stones have you found?" "*Brimstone*," answered the boy. It is needless to say that a number of handkerchiefs were called into requisition to choke down the "depraved human nature" that seemed desirous of manifesting itself in laughter.

STUPENDOUS TRIUMPH OF THE HAIRDRESSER'S ART!

THE VERY LAST THING IN CHIGNONS.

STAINLEY FERRY.

This is Stainley Ferry;
Here we met and parted—
Meeting, we were merry,
Parting, broken hearted.
She came—she went away,
I kissed her—she was gone:
Unchanged at all, from day to day
The river is flowing on.

Still looks Stainley Ferry,
By the peaceful river;
Ever changing faces
Come and go for ever;
Never one may stay—
They flit—they fade—are gone;
While still unchanged, from day to day
The river is flowing on.

Why by Stainley Ferry
Muse I like a lover?
Love must come and vanish,
Youth is quickly over.
Sweet lips turn to clay,
Pleasure must begone,
While still unchanged, from day to day,
The river is flowing on.

A Little Sermon.

Sometimes I compare the trouble we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

THE SUNSET.

O, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful gush
Of golden light o'er the sunset's flush!
It is fading now—hush! ah, hush!

Thus fades from us life's golden haze,
And all adown the dusky ways
In rapt astonishment we gaze,

And wonder where have fled the dreams
That floating, cloud-like, brought us gleams
Of all that high and holy seems—

And wonder where the glorious deeds
That were to fill life's empty needs
With bright eternity's living seeds.

We wonder; ah, but dim at last
The truth comes slowly drifting past,
With anchor lost and drooping mast.

We watch it with a shuddering sigh,
And wait till death doth draw us nigh
To heaven, where youth's dreams never die.

A JOB WANTED.—The other night when the thermometer stood at zero a prominent citizen was aroused by a violent knocking at the door of his domicil. Supposing that something extraordinary had happened, he jumped out of bed and opened the door, when he found a boy who questioned him as follows: "Do you live here? Are you going to live here next summer? Do you own this house?" Upon receiving affirmative answers the boy further interrogated: "Mr. ——, will you want your garden ploughed next spring, because if you do, I want the job." The "prominent citizen" slammed the door and went back to bed with anything but a religious turn of mind.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EVERGREEN SCREENS.

Evergreen trees may be turned to so many accounts, useful and ornamental, that the farmer who lives through an agricultural lifetime without in some way utilizing them, dies somewhat derelict of duty.

Evergreen trees and shrubs of some sorts are indigenous to almost every region of the United States, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic coast to the shores of the Pacific; and as with care and proper management every one of the varieties may be transplanted with entire success, and as the winter and half the spring period are seasons as proper as any for the transplanting, the present is an appropriate time to remind residents of the rural regions of the advantages of transplanting, propagating and utilizing evergreens.

An efficient break-wind may be made by a double or triple row of strong growing evergreen trees; and in all regions where the prevailing winter winds are cold, biting nor'westers, planted so as to screen stables, cattle sheds, hog pens and hen houses from such blasts, an evergreen protection will pay forty per cent. per annum in the saving of food and better condition of stock protected by it.

A vegetable garden, sheltered in the same manner, all other conditions being equal, will begin to supply the table with vegetable luxuries from ten to fifteen days earlier than an unprotected one, while the hardier habit and more vigorous growth given to all garden plants by early exemption from chills and incipient consumption, will prove that as a garden friend the evergreen screen is quite as valuable as it is for stock protection.

In all the farming regions of the Great West, where in fall and winter the cold, shivering nor'westers come furiously sweeping across the wide prairies, a defence of sturdy, dense foliaged evergreens, forming a curved *abattis* sweeping close around the "weather" side of all farm houses, barns, stables and out-houses, would afford aid and comfort to both man and beast to an extent five times the cost every year.

Where the cedars are the dominant race of native evergreens and there is a choice, we should give them the preference in screen making. But any of the spruces, hemlock, holly, laurel and juniper will serve the purpose, the three latter being more appropriate for garden screens and other low fortifications.

Evergreens contribute largely to the picturesque beauty of all lawns and ornamental grounds, as all groupings of deciduous trees and shrubs are relieved, even in full summer foliage, by the darker green of the fir, spruce or pine, while in their winter undress their stark nakedness is made less objectionable by the close companionship of the full-dress evergreens.

Almost all the trees and shrubs of the evergreen families, even to trees of considerable size, may be transplanted successfully, with little danger of death ensuing, provided due care is exercised in digging up, not to mangle the roots, leaving always a liberal supply of undisturbed earth about them, and in setting the trees in their new positions, taking care not to pack the ground too solid about them.

HOW TO GET EGGS.

We have seen within these three weeks and stayed three days with a queer old codger, who, to save his soul, couldn't tell to-day why Christmas is kept, on what day of the month the 4th of July falls, or who is Governor of Pennsylvania. But Uncle Eben Adwaller knows how to get eggs in winter and have the happiest looking fowl family that we ever saw in cold weather, and spring chickens "as is chickens" for the market by the middle of March. Uncle Eb. knows these things to a demonstration, and living as he does *away in yonder*, it is not surprisingly strange that beyond poultry his knowledge terminates abruptly.

What do you think of a fireplace and a great roaring wood fire all day, and every cold winter day, in a hen house? Uncle Eb.'s hen house has that, and that is about all the secret there is in his getting eggs all winter the way he does, though he maintains stoutly that about half his success lies in the northwest side of his hen house. Perhaps Uncle Eb. is in the right partly, but as such a northwest side is rarely practicable, perhaps a suitable substitute might be in all cases provided. The old man's "northwest side" is a solid perpendicular bank of hard, dry clay, very full of gravel and small pebbles, punctured, picked, and dug as full of holes as ever was a swallow bank. Several of the cavities are so deep and roomy that the hens make their nests and lay in them.

The queer cabin faces south-east, is about twelve feet wide and twenty-four feet long—the ends and front, a rude frame concern, but patched up very tight—three six-light windows—8 by 10 glass in front, slab roof, shed fashion, slanting to the front and projecting over the side about three feet. Three yards from the door runs a little stream of pure, spring water, that never freezes. Uncle Eb. carries a supply from the brook, into a trough within the hen house. In winter, he maintains a fire regularly, keeping biddie's quarters quite as comfortable as his own—feeds three times a day—all sorts of material, a little at a time—buckwheat, and boiled potatoes one day, then boiled oats, sour milk and cabbage leaves—boiled corn, half-rotten apples—often charcoal dust and a little sulphur in cornmeal mush—always bones pounded fine, all sorts of scraps of meat from the table, and offal of hogs and beef cattle at killing time boiled, salted a little, and dealt out a little at a time. The ashes made are thrown out in heaps for the hens to wallow in.

Uncle Eb. keeps just an even four dozen laying hens, that average three dozen eggs per day regularly, through all the cold weather till about the twentieth of February, when generally a fourth of the number take a fancy to go to housekeeping. Uncle Eb. sets all that are going to be mothers, pretty close to the fire, gives each one thirteen eggs, and they bring out always on an average twelve lively wide-awake chickens each, nearly every one of which reaches a marketable age with very little trouble.

Uncle Eb. has less faith in the feed regulations than most poulterers have, contending that it is the "warm" and the north-west wall that brings out the eggs and spring chickens that way. He argues also that four dozen fowls are just the precise number for profit in any one establishment; he wouldn't have another hen, unless he had another house. Uncle Eb. began with Bramahs and Dominiques, but he has mixed all up into everything. Good layers though, and capital table birds.

DRAINING.

On the whole, everything taken into consideration, draining can be done quite as economically, and wherever a superstructure of snow does not interfere with the operation, more comfortably in the winter than at any other season of the year. To be sure there will be a hard shell of frozen surface soil in the way; but with a sharp mattock and long bitted post ax, that is soon chipped out of the way, and then it is all plain sailing. All the water frozen up solid, there is no treading mortar and sloshing around in the mud—all dry digging—clean dirt. Besides this advantage, there is that of cheaper labor. Men and teams are more at leisure than during the hurrying seasons, so that digging out, hauling tiles, and filling in, all cost less than in busier times. A friend who drained about thirty acres of his farm in spring and fall, and over eighty more of the same kind of land since, and during frozen winter weather, keeping a close account of cost, says that land can be drained in the winter where the ground is bare of snow, and frozen five or six inches deep, twenty per cent. cheaper than it can during the busy seasons.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— *Maine Farmer* says: J. B. Beedle, of Richmond, Me., stuck an eighteen month old pig on December 14th, that weighed six hundred and sixty-six pounds. Some great hogs among Maine men—pork hogs of course.

—— There has been a long and lively discussion as to which of our many breeds of fowls are the best winter layers. We should say the *May-laye*.

—— The *Farmer's and Stock Breeder's Journal*, for December, says: "GINGER—A good tonic. From a drachm, to a drachm and a-half of this may be given." To whom or what, if you please, Mr. *Journal?*

—— One county south-west, has clubbed to hold on to hogs till pork gets up to seventeen cents on the hoof. There'll be a life-long pull at the bristles if they stick to that vow.

—— Some Swedish *savant* is solidifying milk by freezing all the water out of it artificially. Why not? What's to hinder?

—— Mutton sold December 26th, in Boston, at from four to six cents per pound. A great deal of poultry couldn't be sold at any price. Board $7 to $20 per week.

—— Up on Lake Huron people are pulling over so many fine, fat trout—fifteen pounders, up through holes in the ice. Pretty profitable pastime.

RECEIPTS.

TO MAKE ONION SAUCE to be eaten with thin streaked and well boiled pickled pork, which tastes like tripe, or as sauce for mutton, rabbits, &c.

Have a saucepan of boiling water in which is a lump of salt and a bit of bacon fat or dripping, the size of a bean. Cut the onions in *very thin* rings, throw them into the boiling water, make them boil very fast. In six or eight minutes they will be sufficiently cooked (a minute longer will take all taste from them,) throw them into a colander, squeeze them dry with a saucer, turn them into a basin, flour them *slightly*, mash them quickly with a wooden spoon, and mix in a little milk, then cover the basin with a plate and put in the oven to re-warm.

TO BOIL ONIONS.—Peel and wash them, throw them into plenty of boiling water with a bit of fat and a lump of salt. Let them boil *quickly, very quickly, for an hour.* They must not be exposed to the air, but be drained quickly and served with or without white sauce over, or with cold butter. Cooked in this way, they are like marrow, and exceedingly wholesome.

Any vegetables, excepting potatoes, broccoli, and cauliflower, are as well cooked in the morning as when the fire is wanted for perhaps other things, if the dinner be a late one.

Wash all vegetables in warm water, each kind singly, then in cold, where they must remain for an hour.

Water rather more than warm kills all insects, worms, and snails, and *makes them drop out* of vegetables.

CRISP PASTE FOR TARTS.—Mix one pound of fine flour with one ounce of loaf-sugar, sifted, make into a stiff paste with a gill of boiling cream, and three ounces of butter in it; work it well and roll it out thin; when you have made your tarts, beat the white of an egg, and rub them over with a feather; sift a little double-refined sugar over them, and bake in a moderate oven.

SPONGE CAKE.—Take sixteen eggs; separate the whites from the yolks; beat them very lightly; sift into the yolks one pound of flour, adding a few drops of essence of almond or lemon, to flavor with; then add one pound and a quarter of pulverized loaf sugar; beat this well with a knife; then add the whites whipped to a stiff froth. Have ready the pans, and bake.

APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and stew three pints of apples; mash them, and add four eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, sugar and nutmeg, or grated lemon. Bake it on short crust.

READY REMEDIES.—When a chimney is on fire, throw a quantity of salt on the fire. In a modern-built house such an event is rarely dangerous; it only is so in old houses having wood-work in the chimney.

For a Burn or Scald, use glycerine or cotton wool, or tie it up in oiled silk. For stings of wasps or bees, use sweet oil. For chapped hands, use glycerine every night. For chilblains, soak the parts in hot water, and rub in spirits of turpentine. For toothache, hold a piece of rock alum in the mouth. For sore throat, a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper in a tumbler of water, and gargle the throat. For hiccoughs, put a drop or two of vinegar on the tongue. For ringworm, rub with borax dissolved in a little water. For bleeding cuts, bind round sewed wool.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 16, 15, 18, 11, 6, 9, 13, 23, was an ancient philosopher.
My 7, 2, 4, 3, 5, 15, 21, is a number.
My 1, 10, 19, 12, 17, 21, is a man's name.
My 3, 20, 14, 12, is a bird.
My 3, 15, 4, 15, 21, was an ancient lawgiver.
My whole is the name of a Major General of the Union Army in the late war.

WILL A. MCTEER.

Gamble's Store, East Tennessee, Dec. 24, 1866.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first young girls are apt to be,
But this in time will pass away.
My second is a cornfield note,
Oft heard upon an autumn day.
My third is quite a western word,
When an "ahead" is fastened to it.
My whole's the fastest place out west.
Now, if you doubt me, come and view it.

Peoria. ALICE.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Hindoo god of love.
A girl's nickname.
A town in England.
An heir.
A character in Shakspeare's play of Othello.
A texture of threads.
The mountain of the gods.
The Swedish turnip.
A son of the river-god Scamander, and the first king of Troy.
A character in nursery tales.
My initials form the name of one of Scott's novels, and my finals one of the characters in it.

Castle Dangerous, Arcadia. ALEXIA.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If two snakes, each three feet long, were to take each other by the tail and swallow an inch a minute, in what position would they be at the expiration of thirty-seven minutes? IKE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A conical frustum, whose top diameter is 16 inches and bottom diameter 40 inches, will just lie on its slant side on a horizontal plane. Required—the altitude of the frustum.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two balls are drawn from an urn containing 30, a part of which are white and the remainder black. The first one, when looked at, is found to be white. Required—the probability that the other is white also.

J. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What ladies are best to go fishing with? Ans.—Annette and Caroline.

☞ When is a train of cars in danger of running over an old man with a scythe in his hand? Ans.—When it is behind Time.

☞ How much does a fool weigh generally? Ans.—A simple ton.

☞ Why is a stagnant pool of water like a lonesome image of Satan? Ans.—Because one is a dead level and the other is a lead devil.

☞ Why must a telegram be slower in transmission than most letters? Ans.—Because it must go by so many posts before it reaches its destination.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Richard J. Oglesby. REBUS—Faint heart never won fair lady. (Fagin, Ajax, Irene, Naiads, Terpsichore, Hamlet, Empedocles, Ate, Reynard, Titania, Nereus, Eos, Vesta, Eurydice, Rosinante, Wilmington, Oberon, Ninus, Fatima, Agamemnon, Innisfail, Rheims, Lachesis, Argus, Delphi, Yorick.)

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 10—91 acres. W. H. Morrow, L. L. Williams, John C. Lewis, Artemas Martin.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM, same date—365 yards, at 21 shillings per yard. Morgan Stevens, Artemas Martin, Lewis Lebus, John C. Lewis and L. L. Williams.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of Nov. 10th—39584.4152 square miles. A. Martin.

Commercial Value of Insects.

Great Britain pays annually $1,000,000,000 for carcasses of that tiny insect known as cochineal; while another, also peculiar to India, gum shellac, or rather its production, is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of the fibres spun by the silk worm, of which the annual circulating medium is said to be $200,000,000. In England alone, to say nothing of other parts of Europe, $300,000 are spent every year in the purchase of honey, while the value of that which is native is not mentioned, and this is the work of the bee. Besides all this, there are gall-nuts used for dyeing and making ink; cantharides, or Spanish fly, used in medicine. In fact, every insect is contributing, in some way, directly or indirectly, in swelling commercial profits.

CHEAP HOUSEKEEPING.—We should say it is not very difficult for young people to commence housekeeping in Birmingham, England. Oram & Hodges, of that place, advertise to completely furnish a small house, consisting of parlor, kitchen and two bedrooms, for the ridiculously low sum of *twenty pounds* only. Their list of articles embraces every thing that is necessary for a young couple who have modest and moderate ideas of housekeeping.